



No. CLXIV.]

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LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO.
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Yet UNCOMMON!

FOR SOME WISE CAUSE,

'It is the little things that
rule this Life;'

OR, IN OTHER WORDS:—

'Sow an Act, and you Reap a Habit;
Sow a Habit, and you Reap a Character;
Sow a Character, and you Reap a
Destiny!'—THACKERAY.

'And such is human life, so gliding on;
It glimmers like a meteor, and is gone!'

MORAL:—

'In Life's Play the Player of the other
side is Hidden from us. We know that
his play is Always Fair, Just, and Patient,
but we also know to our Cost that He
Never Overlooks a Mistake. *It's for you to
find out WHY YOUR EARS ARE BOXED*

—HUXLEY.

HOW TO AVOID THE INJURIOUS EFFECTS OF STIMULANTS.

THE PRESENT SYSTEM OF LIVING—partaking of too rich foods, as pastry, saccharine, and fatty substances, alcoholic drinks, and an insufficient amount of exercise—frequently deranges the liver. I would advise all bilious people, unless they are careful to keep the liver acting freely, to exercise great care in the use of alcoholic drinks; avoid sugar, and always dilute largely with water. Experience shows that porter, mild ales, port wine, dark sherries, sweet champagne, liqueurs, and brandies are all very apt to disagree; while light white wines, and gin or old whisky largely diluted with pure mineral water charged only with natural gas, will be found the least objectionable. ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' is PECULIARLY ADAPTED for any CONSTITUTIONAL WEAKNESS of the LIVER; it possesses the power of reparation when digestion has been disturbed or lost, and PLACES the INVALID on the RIGHT TRACK to HEALTH. A world of woes is avoided by those who keep and use ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' Therefore NO FAMILY SHOULD EVER BE WITHOUT IT.

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' assists the functions of the LIVER, BOWELS, SKIN, and KIDNEYS by Natural Means; thus the blood is freed from POISONOUS or other HURTFUL MATTERS, the Foundation and GREAT DANGER of CHILLS, FEVERS, WORRY, BLOOD POISONS, &c. It is impossible to overstate its great value.

The value of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' cannot be told.

Its success in Europe, Asia, Africa, America, Australia, and New Zealand proves it.

THERE IS NO DOUBT THAT where it has been taken in the earliest stages of a disease, it has, in innumerable instances, PREVENTED what would otherwise have been a SERIOUS ILLNESS. The effect of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' upon a disordered and feverish condition of the system is MARVELLOUS.

CAUTION.—Examine each Bottle, and see that the Capsule is marked ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' Without it, you have been imposed on by a WORTHLESS and occasionally poisonous imitation. PREPARED ONLY AT

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' Works, London, S.E., by J. C. Eno's Patent.

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LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE.

JUNE 1896.

*Flotsam.*¹

BY HENRY SETON MERRIMAN.

CHAPTER XXI.

PEACE.

IN the bungalow on the banks of the Hooghly, Phillip Lamond had a room, which was known to the household as his study. It was not even an office, and had no appearance of ledgers and files; but looked innocent and studious enough with a few books and magazines, not always of a recent date, lying on the table.

'Here,' Phillip Lamond was wont to say, 'I transact my small affairs, and here I smoke more than is good for me, as Maria always tells me.'

And indeed the apartment was saturated with a pleasant Bohemian odour of bygone Manilla cheroots—a suggestion, as it were, of a harmless easy-going vice indulged in with a very human weakness of mind. There is nothing so innocent as a harmless vice—and most of us cherish one.

'Come into my room,' said Lamond, rising from the breakfast-table the next morning, 'and we will have a smoke.'

He stood with his hands thrust into the pockets of his thin and flowing jacket, looking down at the young people, who were perhaps inclined to linger over the pleasant meal.

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Harry was in clean white—he felt indeed cleanly without and within—a pleasant feeling of a new start in life which comes to some in the morning hours when the cool of a long night has soothed the feverish vapours of a forgotten day.

Maria was dressed in spotless cambric, with a pale-blue ribbon at her throat. The season was well advanced, and a daily increasing heat of the atmosphere no doubt accounted for loose and flowing sleeves, from which emerged the whitest round arms in the world. The duties of the breakfast-table called forth a considerable display of curved wrist and clever curling fingers. Maria was, withal, of a demure humour this morning, with down-cast eyes and a very fascinating shyness which was quite new. She had only monosyllables at her disposal, and never glanced at Harry at all, who, on the contrary, never looked at anything else than herself.

In response to Lamond's invitation Harry slowly rose, with an urgent glance at Maria, who was preparing some crumbs for an imaginary assembly of birds on the verandah, and therefore did not notice the direction of his gaze.

'When Maria considers that we have smoked enough she will come and drag us from our den—eh—my dear?' said Lamond, affectionately. And Harry muttered something to the effect that her task would be an easy one. Indeed, the young fellow's condition was such that a single hair would do the business.

Lamond led the way to his study without appearing to notice that Harry paused on the threshold of the dining-room to look back at Maria, whose pretty head was bent over the table in a vain endeavour to hide a charming blush.

'Well,' said the elder man easily when they were seated, 'have you young people arrived at an understanding yet?'

He was cutting the end of a cigar, and did not look up. It was quite evident that in this, as in all the affairs of his life, he was rather floating with the stream than endeavouring to guide the course of events.

'Yes,' said Harry stoutly; 'and I never thought to be so happy.'

'Ah!' answered Lamond, with an affectionate and tolerant laugh. 'It is well to gather the roses while you may. I suppose I must be content so long as my little girl is happy. I tell you frankly, Harry, that that is what I chiefly want—'

Phillip Lamond paused, cigar in hand, and looked out of the

window with a queer suggestion of surprise in his eyes. It seemed almost as if he was astonished at hearing the plain unvarnished truth spoken in his own voice.

'I have not much else to live for,' he went on, 'than Maria. I frankly tell you I hoped she would do better for herself. There are plenty of fellows with money and a good position who have asked me to help them in the matter. But I have always referred them to Maria herself. So long as you care for each other, I suppose I must be content. I can give my girl a little settlement, which should be enough for young people to begin upon——'

He paused again.

'D——d generous,' muttered Harry, with a shamed face.

'.... And I hope you will get something soon. There are plenty of appointments going begging. Yes, Harry, my boy, we'll pull through somehow. I must make the best of it.'

He gave a little sigh, and lighted a cigar.

'Perhaps the luck will turn,' exclaimed the hopeful young gambler; and in truth the fresh morning air, the brightness of the river, the odorous luxuriance of the Indian garden, and the memory of Maria's last smile, would have instilled a like hopefulness in older hearts than his. 'It's been dead against me up to now, but it must surely have turned when Maria began to care.'

With which excellent, loverlike reflection he lapsed into a happy silence.

'There will,' said Lamond carelessly, after a pause, 'be a little left of the Delhi estate when we can get things settled up.'

'Then I'll settle it on her!' cried Harry, whose spirits were rising, and with them the spontaneous open-handedness which he had not lost with the boyhood and good health that were no longer his. 'I'll settle every halfpenny of it on her,' he said. 'You're half a lawyer—come, let us do it now.'

Lamond laughed in his easy-going way.

'No hurry,' he said, puffing at his cigar.

'Yes—but there is—every hurry. We're going to get married at once.'

'Oh, are you?' laughed Lamond in his tolerant way. 'Have you asked Maria?'

'No,' answered Harry. 'But——'

'You know girls generally want a long time to make up their minds,' broke in the fond father. 'There are a lot of things to be got—clothes, and such things.'

'Yes,' admitted Harry. 'But——'

And he explained no farther, leaving it to be understood that the impatience of so ardent a lover might overcome the coyness of even Maria.

The maiden's father had turned to the table, where he was tentatively fingering a quill.

'It is always better,' he said half to himself, with a pondering, uncertain air, 'to keep the lawyers out of these affairs. So much easier to manage such things amicably between friends.'

Harry consigned all lawyers to perdition in his frank soldierly way, and urged Phillip Lamond to make out what he called a 'chit,' to the effect that he endowed his future wife Maria with all his worldly goods.

'I'll have to do it in the church,' he said ; 'why not do it now ?'

Lamond laughed, laid aside his cigar, and with much hesitation made out a brief marriage settlement, which, if it lacked legal verbosity, was nevertheless a very binding and masterly organ in its way.

'What I've said is this,' he observed, when he had finished—and he dotted an 'i' here and there with the air of one little accustomed to such work. 'I've said that you settle upon her the estate known as your Delhi estate, with all rents or profits whatsoever, due, overdue, or in accumulation from whatsoever source, the same to be held in trust for Maria by two persons—say myself and another. That you hereby relinquish all claim to such estate and such rents as may have accrued in favour of the trustees.'

'Hand it over,' cried Harry, seizing a pen and dipping it in the ink.

Lamond obeyed, and then drew back.

'Wait a minute,' he said, with his fingers in his thin hair. 'Ought it not to be witnessed ?'

He did not give an opinion. He merely asked Harry's advice upon a point of which he was himself ignorant.

'Perhaps it ought,' said Harry impatiently. His was the dangerous form of indolence, that has sudden accesses of energy.

But this difficulty was soon overcome by Lamond, who rang the bell, and sent for Maria's English maid. Another European witness was found in the manager of a neighbouring rice mill, who came in all floury, signed his name and departed, leaving a faint haze in the atmosphere.

'It isn't much,' said Harry, when all was signed and sealed.

'What a d——d fool I have been; what a confounded fool—Lamond!'

The elder man laughed in his good-natured way.

'No. It is practically nothing. But as for fools, we have all been that in our time,' he opined with tolerance, as one who did not by any means pretend to perfection himself. There is no sinner so hopeless as he who confesses his sins easily.

It was Maria's voice that diverted Harry's attention from what he had done, and carried his soul at one flight above such mundane matters as a marriage-settlement—Maria's fresh voice carolling a song as she glided in and out of the deep shade of the great banyan tree.

'Well,' exclaimed the happy lover, as he rose and threw his cigar away. 'That is done! I only wish it was more.'

'Things may turn out better than they seem to promise,' said Lamond indifferently. 'Let us hope they will—when the country is settled again. And in the meantime I can perhaps manage a little ready money—'

He looked up with his kindly smile, not seeking to retain Harry. The young fellow came forward eagerly, and grasped the slim hand in his strong fingers.

'You're a brick—by Heaven, you're a brick, Lamond,' he said earnestly.

And Mr. Phillip Lamond was left alone in his study with a cigar, and the serene consciousness of that reward which is the estate of him who seeks to do good to his neighbour.

Maria, we may be sure, was sufficiently shocked and alarmed at the mere mention of the word 'marriage.' Indeed, she behaved with all the coy trepidation belonging to her new and fluttering state, as understood by maidens at the beginning of the present reign. We can afford to laugh at such to-day, when the fairer sex is advancing and advances, even to the altar rail, with a calm self-satisfaction and an unfaltering step.

So Maria gave a little gasp of horror when Harry mentioned marriage, and listened nevertheless with a comprehending ear when the word settlement was attached to the alarming syllables.

'But I could never be married,' she cried. 'No, never. It would be so terrible.'

And Harry's reassurances were necessarily long and comprehensive.

'But we shall have nothing to live upon,' she still protested. 'We shall be poor, and I know you will get tired of me.'

Whereupon she was interrupted by a torrent of protestations and vows, such as many have made and few have kept since the days of Adam.

‘Do you think,’ said the blushing Maria when this was over, ‘that your guardian will do anything for us? He is very rich, is he not?’

Harry’s face clouded, and a flicker of Maria’s eyelids showed that she had noted the change.

‘But I do not mind,’ she added quickly. ‘I do not mind being poor, so long as you go on thinking . . . what you think now.’

‘That I am the happiest man in the world,’ cried Harry, the cloud dispersed by a glance of Maria’s dark eyes.

‘I do not understand why you are,’ she began with a pretty misgiving.

And the talk thus glided easily into the happy channel where some of us have trifled in our time, before wading into the deeper waters of life.

At times they stepped out for a moment and stood upon the hard strand of practical daily existence. And, singularly enough, it was always Maria who led the way. Mingled with a high romantic comprehension of the situation, she seemed to be endowed with a most estimable recollection of the fact that the ways and means of existence are necessarily also the ways and means to happiness.

‘I wonder,’ she said, ‘if you will get some good appointment? They ought to have given you your majority.’

‘Why, Marqueray’s a colonel.’

‘Yes, but he is a horrid man,’ opined Maria by way of consolation. ‘Of course I know nothing of money matters; but is it not by influence that good appointments are secured? Can one not buy such things?’

‘If one has the money one can buy anything,’ replied Harry with a laugh. ‘But why are you so anxious for me to get an appointment?’

‘Oh,’ she answered, with a pretty thoughtfulness, ‘it gives one a position, which is so important in India.’

She was perhaps thinking of a hundred slights—small feminine slights which men neither see nor comprehend—put upon the daughter of Phillip Lamond, who had no position. She glanced at Harry beneath her lashes. There was something momentarily suggestive of a sleek cat feeling its way towards some desired object in that quick glance.

'And of course,' she went on, 'a great deal is done by home influence. You surely have that. Could you not write home? If you have quarrelled with your guardian, why not write to—Miss Gresham? And—tell her at the same time that you are engaged.'

Harry's face had hardened again quite suddenly. But Maria was only feminine. She could not keep her fingers from forbidden things.

'No,' he answered shortly.

'Do you know, Harry,' said the girl coquettishly, 'I am a little jealous of Miss Gresham. Were you fond of her?'

'No—no; drop that,' said Harry almost roughly; and he rose from his seat at Maria's side.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE SUPPRESSED LETTER.

FREDERIC MARQUERAY was advised of Harry's intended marriage by a friendly letter from the happy man himself. This missive was delivered to the rising young commander in his quarters at Cawnpore, and received an immediate answer. Indeed, Marqueray wrote a pressing and urgent letter to his former subaltern before attending to the remainder of his correspondence. In those days the railway did not connect Calcutta and Cawnpore, although the land had been surveyed and plans drawn out. The train came no nearer than half way, from whence the mail service was effected by road. The arrival of letters at their destination was still an uncertain affair, owing to the immense drain upon the resources of the authorities, as regards horseflesh and cartage, which had been made by the military commanders in the forwarding of troops and ammunition.

At this juncture, as in others, Frederic Marqueray acted with promptitude and decision. He wrote a letter to Harry Wylam, which that youth could scarcely have shown to his intended wife, and still less to that fair one's father. For Marqueray knew as much of Phillip Lamond and his daughter as was required to sever the foolish connection into which Harry in his carelessness had drifted. No date had been fixed for the marriage, and the truest friend that Harry possessed in India hoped that the fatal alliance might yet be avoided.

It was only in the evening of the same day—after the despatch

of his letter—that Marqueray learnt from a mutual friend, in receipt of later news from Calcutta, that Harry Wylam's wedding had been fixed for an early date.

A hurried calculation showed that Marqueray's letter might, in the course of the mail, as at that time running, reach its destination one day before that, reluctantly and coyly set aside by the bashful bride, for the fulfilment of her lover's happiness.

By riding night and day Marqueray knew that he could overtake the mail and pass it. He set out as the bugles sounded the hour of nine.

Harry had been all for a quiet wedding in the early morning at the Garrison Church, but the bride, who naturally held the casting vote at this time, willed it otherwise.

'I suppose,' said Lamond, with his air of gentle resignation, 'that we had better make a splash.'

And to accomplish this excellent object he contracted with the manager of a large hotel to furnish a wedding breakfast for a number of guests to be thereafter named. The ceremony was to take place in the Cathedral. Invitations were issued to all the persons of position whom the Lamonds knew, and to many they did not.

'Wylam's made an ass of himself again,' his friends said of him at the club, and the servants found several invitation cards in the waste-paper basket.

Maria made a bold attempt to unearth a bishop of some sort to perform the ceremony, feeling no doubt that a higher functionary would naturally tie a closer knot. But the bishop pleaded that indisposition which seems to lurk, in company perhaps with a smile, in lawn sleeves. Harry, however, ordered a new tunic, though the lace on his captain's uniform was still fresh enough; and there was a certain consolation in the brilliancy of its scarlet.

He called in person on Lady Leaguer, who promised to be present.

'I cannot answer for my husband,' she said. 'He may be away from home.'

Harry paused, and drew in his feet rather awkwardly. It was a singular thing that Major-General Sir Thomas Leaguer should never have inquired after his subaltern. This leader, who had come through the Mutiny with a whole skin and a brighter honour, must have had a hundred posts of trust and danger to assign to the younger men with whose capabilities he had become acquainted in times of peace. No such post, no such honour had

come Harry's way. The luck, as he often protested, was not in his favour. His old leader seemed to have forgotten him, and yet forgetfulness had never been a characteristic of the keen-eyed, intrepid soldier.

'Have you heard from Frederic Marqueray lately?' inquired my lady, changing the subject with a haste which almost seemed to anticipate awkward questions.

'No. I wrote to him, of course, to tell him of my marriage.'

'And you have had no answer?' asked the lady casually.

'No. I only wrote a fortnight ago.'

Lady Leaguer glanced at a silver date stand—a pretty new toy she had lately received from home. A quick calculation told her that Marqueray's reply would arrive too late.

She again assured Harry of her intention to be present at his wedding, and the happy bridegroom withdrew.

Phillip Lamond wrote in confidence a long letter to that upright citizen, John Gresham, in the city of London, wherein he set forth his own objections to the union about to be contracted. He apologised for doing so in the most gentlemanly manner in the world, pleading as excuse the very natural anxiety of a widower whose only child was about to take so momentous a step in life.

'Harry,' he imparted in confidence to one whom, having never seen, he nevertheless ventured to look upon as an old friend—'Harry was,' he feared, 'a wild fellow. He had, it was true, conducted himself with marked valour during the terrible trial through which India had just passed. He had even distinguished himself on more than one occasion under arms.' This, Phillip Lamond was in the happy position of being able to confirm from the evidence of his own eyes, as he, like many another gentleman of middle age, had deemed it his duty to carry a sword in the service of his country in her sore trait. But war was happily not a normal state of existence, and it was chiefly in times of peace that the writer feared for Harry, whose superabundant spirits and energy led him into mischief at that time when our common enemy is especially zealous in finding work for idle hands to do. While allowing anxiety to disturb his nightly repose, Mr. Lamond still hoped for the best, and trusted that, under Providence, his darling child might be enabled to exercise a good influence over her husband, and bring to a higher condition of development those good qualities which were known to exist in Harry's heart by all who loved him. It was, in truth, a beautiful letter, and Phillip Lamond sealed and despatched it with considerable self-satisfaction. One

of its chief merits rested upon the fact that long before a reply could reach Calcutta Harry and Maria would be man and wife.

So at last the happy morning dawned, and Harry was as deeply in love as ever. Maria, with all her innocence and the inexperience of which her father could never say enough, had known how to inflame and never allow to diminish the ardour of her lover's passion. The joyful day found Harry in the highest spirits, Maria collected and calm, but determined. At last the object of her ambition was within sight—a position. In a few hours she would be the wife of a captain in her Most Gracious Majesty's Indian Army. Should she go home to England—and who shall say where a maiden's dreams may reach?—she would be entitled to a presentation at Court. She would go home not as the daughter of Phillip Lamond, whose position in Calcutta society was singularly vague and ambiguous, but as the wife of a British officer who had played a gallant part in the glorious capture of Delhi, whose name had been mentioned in despatches, and would be handed down to posterity in the military annals of his country.

So Maria's heart beat high, and the cathedral bells rang out a glad chime. Harry buckled on his sword and cast one last glance around his bedroom. He noted the forlorn furniture taken at a valuation from his predecessor; he smiled at the bruise in the wall made by a flying dumb-bell which had escaped his grip in the early days when he cultivated athletics and attended to the expansion of his chest. He remembered that the fourth castor of his armchair still reposed in the table-drawer instead of adding to the symmetry of the piece of furniture which he had intended to repair any time this last three years. But he never glanced at the miniature on the wall.

The carriages rolled up to the cathedral doors, and the syces, perched on nothing behind their masters, cried frantically to the throng to make room. The imperturbable crowd of turbaned natives stood watching in silence. There were no small boys to cry huzzay—and the small boy who cries huzzay is a very useful adjunct.

The organ pealed out its contribution towards the general stir, and Harry stood with his gloved fingers at his moustache looking anxiously towards the door.

At last Maria came, and a hundred necks were craned. There was no doubt of her beauty at that moment. Through the modest veil, dark eyes flashed and a blush mantled on rounded cheeks. This was her moment of triumph; for she knew

as well as any that the multitude had not assembled in their numbers out of love to herself. Half of the women who noted in one comprehensive stare the cut, the material, the general success of her wedding dress, were of that world into which Maria was about to step. She was rising from the ranks, and these kind-hearted ladies had assembled to make her ascent as hard as possible—to rob each step of its little triumph by the discovery of a small mistake.

But Maria Lamond was a clever woman; and her father, still intent on his 'splash,' was easy, indifferent, and quite master of the situation, as he led his daughter, and surreptitiously aided her to drag her weighty train the length of the aisle.

In a loud and ready voice Harry undertook to love, comfort, honour, and keep Maria in sickness and in health, while in a lower tone, as if discounting the necessary promises as much as possible, she expressed her intention of honouring and obeying him.

The clergyman, who was an old-fashioned person, delivered a sermon of considerable length, during which Harry shuffled his feet and sighed impatiently. In the middle of the learned discourse Frederic Marqueray, travel-stained and tired, quietly entered the cathedral—too late.

By some strange instinct Phillip Lamond turned in his seat at the precise moment when Marqueray slipped quietly into a pew at the back of the church, and thus the presence of Harry's former captain and faithful friend became known.

Harry would have it that Marqueray should sign the register, and against a slight protest on the part of his bride sent a messenger summoning his captain to the vestry.

The newcomer was greeted by Harry with effusion and a merry volume of words delivered in a frank and boisterous tone, which made the grave parson raise his eyebrows in mild protest. Maria had lifted her veil aside, her eyes were bright with excitement, her cheeks flushed. She greeted Marqueray in a friendly enough manner, and left him keenly alive to the futility of the letter he had written. What could reason and experience hope to effect against such bright eyes and all-conquering dimples?

'Have you just arrived in Calcutta?' she asked.

'Yes. I have come straight from the station.'

'How good of you!' And Maria looked straight into his eyes with spirit and defiance.

'You two,' broke in Harry with a hand on Marqueray's shoulder, 'will have to be great chums.'

And he looked from one to the other with his jolly laugh. A move was made, for the formalities were over and the parson's fee duly paid.

'Of course,' said Lamond, linking his arm within Marqueray's, 'you will come round to the hotel with us; we've got a little bit of breakfast going there.'

Maria seconded the invitation very prettily, and Marqueray accepted.

'If you will excuse my travel-stained appearance,' he added.

'My dear fellow,' protested Lamond, 'we'll excuse anything in so old a friend.'

Marqueray almost began to think that he was indeed an old friend, so pleasant an air of *cameraderie* Harry's father-in-law assumed in enunciating this. Maria too was kind enough to flash a smile upon him beneath her veil.

At the hotel a merry party crowded into the room where the breakfast was set out. On a side-table the presents were laid out in generous display—as generous a display, that is, as possible, for there were not very many of them. But Harry's gifts to Maria were profuse and lavish enough to make up for any deficiencies displayed by the friends who had won the bridegroom's money in his palmier days. These in truth were the men who opined that Harry had made an ass of himself, and held aloof.

Some of her lover's presents were new to Maria, who duly admired them with little cries of delight and surprise. A number of letters and some telegrams were upon the table, beside the presents awaiting Harry's inspection. Many of his friends with the armies in the north and at Delhi had heard of his marriage, and their letters of congratulation had arrived with the mail by which Frederic Marqueray travelled down to Calcutta.

'Ah!' cried Harry, 'a lot of letters; and here is one from you, Marks!'

'Yes,' said Marqueray, coming forward; and taking the letter from Harry's hand he tore it in shreds.

'Don't do that!' shouted Harry eagerly. 'What was in it?'

'Nothing.'

And as the tiny pieces fluttered to the ground the bride turned round and looked at Marqueray.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A WINDFALL.

Nor long after the wedding Lamond wrote from Delhi to inform his dear boy that a windfall had dropped his way. In confirmation of this happy news he enclosed a draft on a Calcutta bank for a handsome sum. Harry swore that the luck had changed at last, as the thin pink paper fluttered to the ground.

'Four thousand rupees!' he cried, and Maria's bright eyes took to themselves an additional glitter. 'The luck has changed, old girl—the luck has changed.' He kissed his wife boisterously, and she set her hair in order with a little frown. She did not seem so tolerant of her husband's somewhat demonstrative affection as she had been when he was a lover only.

'What will you have? 'Tis six months to-day that we were married,' continued Harry, waving the paper across Maria's red lips. 'Say, Maria, what shall it be?'

'Well,' she answered somewhat curtly; 'of course we want a brougham of our own, instead of that horrid hired thing that shakes me to bits.'

'Right!' cried Harry, whose fingers seemed ever to be burnt by money, so quickly did he part with it. 'We'll drive in now and buy one.'

Harry had not yet found work to do. He had in truth applied often enough, but no appointment was ever vacant when he sent up his name. Perhaps he applied to the wrong person. Perhaps that unfortunate cloud under which he had left England had been wafted across to India. Who shall say what zephyrs blow our luck hither and thither? Not, assuredly, Harry Wylam. He only cursed his ill-fortune and dropped into the Bohemian, hand-to-mouth mode of life which had obtained in the bungalow across the river.

For they were now in a furnished house in Garden Reach, with hired horses and carriages; and Maria sat in the drawing-room in her new dresses, every afternoon, awaiting the visits of ladies who never came. Harry did not go to his club for nearly three months, but now, at the end of six, dropped in occasionally to see his friends. If the women did not call at the furnished house in Garden Reach, the men did. Harry felt that there was something wrong here, but he did not know what.

The callers were not among the most desirable of his friends, but Maria did not seem to notice anything amiss with their manners, and, when Harry suggested this, laughed at him, and called him a jealous old stupid.

Then came a time when Maria could see no visitors, and was impatient and petulant with her husband. Harry's endeavours at this time to please his wife were somewhat pathetic in their clumsy honesty. He did not understand women at all. His comprehension of the situation was limited, and at last he lost patience and went off to the club, leaving Maria hard-faced and sullen in the somewhat dismal house in the quiet suburb.

His idleness seemed to annoy her. His tastes—all for sport and an active open-air life—were not her tastes, a lamentable fact which it is to be feared most young couples come to recognise within a year or so of marriage. Maria taunted her husband with his indolence and his inability to find work for the sword that was rusting in its scabbard—which was a mistake. Harry began to employ himself at the club.

Only two months had elapsed since the purchase of the new brougham, and Harry began to think that the luck had never really turned at all. It had been false to him. Money, indeed, was not at this time wanting. Lamond had remitted further amounts from Delhi, where things he said were 'looking up.' Harry did not rightly know—and in truth scarce cared to inquire—whether these sums were in the form of a loan, or came to him from the sale of his estates.

Day by day the furnished house in Garden Reach saw less of him, and his friends at the club had an increased enjoyment of his society. His spirits were at times as high as ever, but those who knew him well were of opinion that he made an effort to appear jolly, and was not naturally so. He began to play a little, just to while away the long evenings. He knew that if he went home he would find Maria lying down or already in bed.

In due time Maria had cause to send for him during the day, and he was ushered into her shaded bedroom.

'A little girl, my good sir,' said the doctor, pressing his hand.

'A little girl, egad,' repeated Harry stepping softly, and he looked down at a small bundle in the smiling ayah's arms.

'Little beggar's a bit highly coloured, eh?' he said anxiously, his own face a sudden deep red with honest pride.

As he stooped to kiss Maria a tear trickled from his sunburnt

cheek, and fell upon her hand. He turned again, and looked with a queer pride at the child, whose small face seemed strangely peaceful.

'Her eyes are blue,' whispered the ayah, for the infant was sleeping.

The first money expended upon her had been won at the card-table; for Harry had a run of luck at this time, and he spent his winnings freely enough in gifts for Maria and the little one. So matters progressed while the mother slowly recovered, and the infant grew with an astonishing rapidity which was an ever new delight to Harry.

The first caller was kind Lady Leaguer, drawn towards the young mother in her loneliness and friendlessness. Lady Leaguer was herself a mother, as the Army List testifies to-day, and gave Maria the benefit of her own happy experiences. Others soon followed her ladyship, as was to be expected, for most women are like sheep in their visits, especially if the bell-wether carries a title. Thus the tide flowed for a while in Garden Reach, and Harry—when the cards favoured him—was ready to swear that he was the luckiest man in India. His debts were daily growing in bulk all the while, for when he had money he spent it on his wife and child, and only when he could find nothing more to buy he took it to the card-table. The rent of the furnished house was overdue. He owed money right and left, and no attempt had been made to pay off the debts incurred by Maria's long illness.

Presently the tradespeople began to dun him for a settlement of their bills, and Harry laughingly put them off. Then he borrowed money with which to play—one evening when the luck seemed about to turn. And he was thus fairly embarked upon the easy descent. Maria was stronger now, and began to gather into her own capable hands the strings of their joint fortunes. She found them tangled, as well she might, and turned upon her husband in a fury.

'You are a pauper!' she cried. 'You are practically turned out of the Army, for no commander will have you. You do not attempt to find work, and you are living like a grand gentleman, with your buggy and your club. You are living on us. It is father's money that you are throwing away.'

It was the first time he had seen Maria like this, the first time he had heard in her voice a certain stridency which is not

in the tones of ladies born and bred. He had nothing to answer, and he went out thinking of that tone in her voice.

If he could only persevere with the cards, the luck must turn in time. He drove in the buggy mentioned to the club referred to by Maria in her wrath, and there failed to find a lender. They were mostly borrowers there. Then he took another step down the hill. He went to a native money-lender, whose obscure shop was in the China Bazaar.

After considerable trouble he found the house indicated to him by a friend who had had need of financial accommodation—as it is gracefully called by the accommodator—on more than one occasion. He was ushered into an inner room by a bearer, who seemed to serve by merely sitting on the doorstep and waiting.

The money-lender was a Parsee of eminently respectable appearance, whose strange headdress imparted an additional blandness to a countenance full of accommodation. This gentleman rose and bowed over a low table. He was not alone. Near him, in the attitude and chair of a visitor, a native, richly dressed and turbaned, sat gravely noting the proceedings. Both these men were evidently of a position and dignity which enabled them to receive the visit of a European with equanimity.

‘I want some money,’ said Harry, standing squarely in the little room and feeling intensely ashamed of himself. ‘My name is Henry Wylam—Captain.’

The Parsee money-lender bowed with a little smile, which, far from indicating surprise, seemed to say that Captain Henry Wylam had been expected—sooner or later. The native gentleman, however, whose heavy face had merely expressed a polite patience, turned sharply—as sharply, that is, as his bulk allowed—in his chair and half rose. The rings on his fingers flashed in the subdued light of the room.

‘Captain Henry Wylam?’ he said in perfect English, and a voice that had a pleasant sound in it.

‘Yes,’ answered Harry, rather stiffly.

‘Of Delhi?’

‘Of that as much as any place.’

The stout man had risen. He was as tall as Harry, and very broad, making a fine dignified figure in his loose robes and great turban.

‘And you want—*money*?’ with a little laugh.

‘Yes.’

The man shrugged his shoulders. He bowed very low with a perfect dignity.

'I am Hajii Alaraka Sajin,' he said, 'of Delhi.'

Ah! Glad to make your acquaintance,' said Harry courteously, for he had learnt the lesson of the Mutiny, and was naturally of a pleasant address. But it was evident from his honest face that he had never heard the name before.

'Mr. Sajin is one of the great bankers of the Punjab—indeed, of all India,' said the money-lender in unctuous explanation. 'No native gentleman has helped so much to quell the Mutiny.'

'It is strange that we should meet thus, Captain Wylam,' said the banker quietly. 'I have only arrived in Calcutta this morning—the first time for twenty years. Your father honoured me with his confidence, and more—with his friendship.'

Harry held out his hand with the frank, almost boyish, spontaneity to which he owed many a friendship.

'Then, by gad, sir, I *am* glad to meet you!' he cried, and the grip he gave Hajii Alaraka Sajin made that old gentleman wince. The money-lender—a man of tact—seeing how the land lay, had risen from his chair.

'Excuse me, sir,' he said punctiliously to Harry; 'perhaps our business can wait. I am wanted elsewhere. I will return soon.'

He glanced at the native banker, who nodded approvingly, and left the room. For a moment neither of the remaining occupants of the little office spoke. Hajii Alaraka Sajin moved somewhat ponderously in his chair, with the help of his arms, as stout men do.

'So,' he said, thickly, 'you came here for money?'

'Yes,' admitted Harry, with a laugh which was not quite free from embarrassment.

'Hard up, eh?'

'Damnably hard up, my good sir!'

Harry had seated himself on the corner of the Parsee's writing-table, and was swinging one leg carelessly.

The native banker looked at him with a sort of amusement lurking in the wrinkles beneath his yellow, expressionless eyes. It was a fat, heavy face, with folds of superfluous flesh below the eyes, into which Harry frankly smiled.

'And,' said Sajin, leaning forward and emphasising his points with the tip of his forefinger on the arm of the chair, 'you are the heaviest depositor in my bank—one of the largest native

banks in India. Nearly two million rupees to your credit at this moment, and increasing daily, for I carry the interest to your credit at the end of each month.'

'Gammon!' said Harry.

'No, but I have it in the books—it is in black and white,' protested the stout man, with that love of the written fact which is natural to his race.

Harry laughed sceptically.

'When you were two years old—nearly thirty years ago now—I received instructions from your guardians through Mr. Lamond, of this city, to remit to England one-half of the proceeds of your estate, the other moiety to remain on deposit in my bank up to a certain sum: namely, two millions of rupees. No more than that amount was to accumulate, and when I thought fit, in consultation with my partners, I had authority to invest the money in safe undertakings—in *India*. For twenty years the firm of Hajii Alaraka Sajin and Co., of Delhi, have administered the proceeds of one-half of your estate.'

'Does Lamond know this?' asked Harry with a white face.

'My dear sir—since he instructed us to do it.'

'Ah—of course.'

The native gentleman was leaning forward, looking curiously into Harry's face.

'I understood,' he said, 'that Mr. Lamond was in almost daily communication with you, and that he was reporting to you from time to time our administration of the money, which has thus been allowed to accumulate awaiting your need of it.'

'Yes,' answered Harry vaguely. 'Yes.'

The word 'accumulate' struck him disagreeably. It figured in the agreement, or the assignment, which he had made before his marriage in the little room that Lamond called his study.

'Mr. Lamond,' went on the native, 'was always averse to my communicating with you direct. You did not wish, as I understood, to be troubled with the minor details of business. You were, if I may mention it, only spending half your income; the remainder was accumulating. I had every reason to suppose that things were going on satisfactorily.'

'Yes,' said Harry, upon whom an unnatural quiet seemed to have fallen.

'The money was and is quite safe,' said Sajin. 'It can only be released by your written order, bearing your signature. I have the instructions signed by yourself some years ago when you first returned to this country.'

'Yes,' answered Harry. 'I have signed many papers.'

He rose and held out his hand.

'Thank you, Mr. Sajin; you have done well. Where may I find you should I require your further advice?'

'I am staying in Calcutta for a few days—stay, I will write down the address. Then I return to Delhi. I have a large business, and cannot allow myself a long holiday.'

He had written the address as he spoke, and he handed it to Harry.

'There is nothing I can do for you, Captain Wylam?'

'Nothing just now, thank you,' replied Harry, with a queer calm.

He shook hands and went out. The twilight was far advanced, and in the narrow, tortuous streets it was almost dark. Here and there in the mysterious shadows men passed to and fro, silent and furtive, as if ashamed of their transactions.

CHAPTER XXIV.

COMPOUND INTEREST.

As Harry walked towards the club (he had not payment of a palanquin in his pocket) his thoughts went back to the one friend in India whom he could trust in any need and at all times. He thought he remembered that Frederic Marquerry was in Calcutta.

Harry walked slowly with a limp, his souvenir of the Mutiny, which ever grew more noticeable when he was tired or in bad health. His constitution had in truth partly broken down under the strains he continually put upon it. His dress was disordered, and somewhat shabby. No one took much notice of this forlorn figure, this seedy person, who nevertheless had the remains of air and bearing which had once marked the gentleman and the officer.

In the entrance hall of the club he paused and steadied himself with a glass of brandy. Then he went slowly up to the smoking-room, where he knew the members would be assembled, awaiting the dinner-hour and discussing the day's news. The room was full when he entered. Lamond was present, sitting in a deep chair, reading a newspaper. He looked up, and nodded to Harry with his pleasant smile. One or two men turned and

glanced at the newcomer over their shoulders, with that interest which is ever aroused by vice in all its forms. He passed close by some who sniffed the brandy, and exchanged a glance.

Harry went to Lamond and stood before his chair.

'I have just seen Hajji Alaraka Sajin, of Delhi,' he said in a voice that made many turn to look at him.

'Ah,' replied Lamond, suddenly grave. There was that in Harry's face that made his father-in-law glance hurriedly round the room.

'Yes, and I have found out that you are a scoundrel—a d——d scoundrel—and a thief!'

'Hush, man,' whispered Lamond. 'You're drunk. Don't, for Heaven's sake, make a disturbance here.'

He had risen and laid his hand on Harry's arm. At the moment of Harry's speaking a loud laugh in another quarter of the room had fortunately drowned his voice, which was low and hoarse. No one was taking much notice of them, except indeed one man who was watching them quietly from the other side of the room—Frederic Marqueray—who still had the power that Harry had noticed of passing unheeded among his fellows, though his name had made a stir in India.

'Disturbance!' answered Harry. 'I'll make a disturbance in all Bengal with this. You tricked me over that marriage settlement. You've been laying by half my money for it for years. I can't think why I have been such a d——d fool all these years not to see what you are!'

'That will do,' said Lamond, in a steady undertone. 'Shut up, you young fool. Don't you see the men beginning to listen?'

'And well they may. I'll give them something to listen to. All Calcutta shall know that you are a swindler!' cried Harry, wheeling round on his heel and facing the rest of the room.

'And all Calcutta shall know that you looted at Delhi,' said Lamond in his ear.

'Listen, you chaps,' cried Harry.

Lamond looked at the door. Marqueray was standing against it.

'Listen to the story of a low swindle,' pealed out Harry's voice, clear and ringing in the silence of the vast room. 'This man, Phillip Lamond, was entrusted by my father on his death-bed with the administration of my affairs. My father treated him as a friend. God help him! he thought he was an honourable

man. The estate was tied up for me during my childhood. The trustees were Englishmen in business in London who had never been in India, and knew nothing of Indian affairs. The administration of matters in India was entrusted to Hajii Alaraka Sajin and Co., of Delhi, under the superintendence of Phillip Lamond.'

He turned and pointed a shaking finger into Lamond's face, who stood white-lipped but imperturbable still. The man's nerves were of steel beneath his gentle demeanour. There was not one friendly glance in the faces confronting him. Frederic Marqueray stood guard over the only exit. There was another reckoning, perchance, awaiting him there. Lamond did not open his lips. His quiet smile was in itself a triumph of intrepidity and self-assurance.

'These people in Delhi were honest,' went on Harry with flashing eyes; the old Harry Wylam—upright, honest, fiery, and noble—seemed to stand before his friends again. 'He was too cunning to attempt to buy them. Every anna that passed out of their hands into his had to be accounted for, so he thought of a deep scheme. I can't think why I have been such a d——d fool.'

He gave a reckless little laugh, looking round as if to seek from others the explanation of his folly. But none gave it.

'He told them,' he went on clearly enough, for his eyes were open now—'he told the native bankers to send home only one-half of the income arising from the estates left by my father. The remainder was to be allowed to accumulate in India. He wanted to keep it within reach. How he obtained the signature of my guardians to this document God only knows! In good faith Hajii Alaraka Sajin and Co. acted according to their instructions, and fortune favoured Mr. Lamond. I came out to India. I was a young fool. He flattered my vanity. While seeming to be against it, he conceived the idea that I should marry his daughter. He knew the fortune that was at my back, but no one else did. I was, of course, ignorant of it. I went—wrong, as you all know. That was my own fault. I do not want to blame anybody else for that.'

He stopped and looked round, and many of the faces wore a guilty look, though he blamed no one.

'I was allowed,' he continued, 'to consider myself ruined, to run into debt, to meet a thousand difficulties. And at the worst, when I was in ill-health and idle—put aside as a drinker and a gambler—this noble gentleman consented to—nay, he pushed me

into a marriage with his daughter. "Now," he said, "at all events, no one can say that I wanted your money for Maria."

He paused with the name on his lips, and looked at Frederic Marqueray, by what instinct he could not have told. And then he went on with the story, leaving Maria out of it. What part she had played no one ever knew from Harry, and others also held their peace with a chivalry as generous.

'But he went too far. He went away to Delhi, and left me to go to the devil in my own way. He came back and just saved me from blowing my brains out. He nearly missed his mark after all. Then he practically forced this marriage upon—no, I won't say that. I was willing enough. He drew up a prenuptial marriage settlement, in which I assigned to his daughter, unconditionally, my Delhi estates and all accumulations of money attaching thereto. A common swindle, gentlemen. And I signed it. The thing never would have been found out until after I had drunk myself into the grave or shot myself, but I went this afternoon to a money-lender's, and in that office I ran against Hajji Alaraka Sajin, of Delhi. It looks like Providence——'

He turned upon Lamond.

'D——d like Providence!' he repeated, with a laugh most unpleasant to the ear.

There was an awkward pause, as when the conversation turns upon a topic to which those assembled have not given a deep consideration. Still Phillip Lamond maintained silence, reserving his fire, as it were, and waiting until the enemy in the heat of his attack should make a false move. Marqueray, from the door, was watching him anxiously. Perhaps the brilliant leader knew somewhat of this man's resources, and dreaded that fire when the guns should open.

'I am not complaining, gentlemen,' went on Harry with a fine dignity, which sat well on him. 'I have no one to blame but myself. I have made mistakes—and worse. I am content to abide by the result. As for the money, I shall make no attempt to recover it. But I tell you this—and must apologise for giving you so wearisome an account of my own affairs—I tell you this, because that man has no place in this room or in any assembly of gentlemen. He is a scoundrel, a common swindler. I will have him hounded out of every club in India——'

He turned and looked at Lamond with flashing eyes—breathless, after his long and passionate declamation. Phillip Lamond, immovable even now, apparently cold, except indeed that the

tendons of his neck were tense beneath the skin, while the jaw-bone worked convulsively in his hollow cheek, returned the gaze with resolution.

‘And I,’ he said, speaking so that only Harry and one or two could hear him, ‘will have you court-martialed.’

Across the room Marqueray seemed to catch the words—it may have been from the movement of the thin, bloodless lips—for he left the door and moved nearer.

Harry, having said all that he had come to say, was for going to the door, white-faced and full of hot rage, when Lamond raised his voice.

‘Now it is my turn,’ he said, and in the silence his words carried to the farthest corner of the room, although he spoke in a quiet voice. ‘Since Captain Wylam has elected to settle his domestic affairs in public, it is only right that the other side of the question should be heard—if I am not asking too much—’

He paused, and looked complacently upon a group of unsympathetic faces. There was not, indeed, one that seemed to desire the other side of the question. Not one pair of eyes looked back into Phillip Lamond’s pale, calculating gaze with anything but the coldest disapprobation. For all these were officers and gentlemen of a certain rank and position, neither of which he could rightly claim. They were one and all for Harry, and against Phillip Lamond. He had faced the world thus all his life, conscious that the world’s feeling was antagonistic. He must have taken a wrong turning years before, and he had never found the way out of the enemy’s country, but had wandered hither and thither in it, finding no rest.

He stood taking, as it were, the measure of his hearers—the senior member of the club, the oldest man in the room. Well-preserved, slim and upright, his narrow face, brown and scarce wrinkled, his smooth hair quite white. He belonged to the earlier generation of Anglo-Indians. His contemporaries were gone home rich men, or dead. Phillip Lamond was left, and still fought the world.

‘The accusations brought against me are hardly worth contradicting,’ he said calmly. ‘They are suggested by spite and disappointed cupidity. This man, Hajji Alaraka, has a grudge against me because, in the interest of my friend’s son, I have superintended the administration of the boy’s estate with too keen an eye. Captain Wylam married my daughter, with my consent, it is true—but a grudging consent. No father would be anxious to give his daughter’s life to the care of a drunkard and a gambler. I have

supplied them with money since their marriage—but let that pass. I have done more, and I now see my error. I have screened this man, because my daughter is his wife—and there I made a mistake. He is unfit to bear the Queen's commission. I can testify that he looted at Delhi, before the city was taken and during the assault. At the blowing up of the mosque, which was my idea and for which he got the credit, he left his men in a position of imminent peril, and went into the mosque, where he discovered treasure and took possession of it.'

There was an ominous stillness in the room, for Lamond was only giving voice to a whisper that had spread through Northern India. The members present had grouped themselves into an attentive half-circle before the two disputants.

'You all know,' went on Lamond, 'that he came back from Delhi with plenty of money—which has since disappeared, of course. He was in command of the expedition that blew up the mosque. I was nothing in it but an obscure civilian, I had no say in the matter. My small knowledge of the district was found useful, and I placed it at the disposal of the authorities. I was acting as guide. But, even a civilian could see that there was something wrong. Since the question of looting has been investigated—since the recent courts-martial I have understood what was the matter that night before Delhi. It was not an expedition to serve the British army, but to enrich Captain Henry Wylam.'

He paused with an indifferent shrug of the shoulders, as of one who has passed beyond all great interests in life, and seeks only to do the right. His pale blue eyes scanned the faces in front of him, and noted a change in the expressions there, for the faces of a crowd, listening to one man, usually express one emotion as public speakers know. The expression was not exactly in his own favour, but it was less friendly to Harry. For the majority of his hearers had borne a sword for England, in her great peril, and having survived, had passed through the pain which was hers, when certain facts transpired to tarnish the shield of her glory.

He scanned the faces, then he turned and glanced at Harry.

'He cannot deny it,' he said less in exultation than in sorrow.

And, indeed, Harry's drawn face was the picture of guilt and surprise and consternation.

(To be continued.)

Letters on Turkey.

I.

THE SELAMLIK.

WE must all of us during the past year, when every newspaper paragraph from Constantinople was eagerly scanned, have observed such expressions as the Sultan received the Ambassadors 'after the Selamlik,' or 'H.I.M. the Sultan attended the Selamlik as usual.' Those who have never had the opportunity of witnessing a Selamlik may be interested in an account of this gorgeous weekly pageant.

We had not been more than a few days at Constantinople, when our Ambassador told us that he had received a message from the Sultan that he was 'bien faché' at not having been informed of my husband's arrival, and that after so gracious a notice we must not fail to attend the next Selamlik—that is, the ceremony of the Sultan going in state to the Mosque on Fridays, attendance at which is looked on by H.I.M. as a mark of respect.

Friday came, and about eleven o'clock our son, Secretary at the British Embassy, called for us in a carriage with an Embassy Kavass on the box. A Kavass is a native servant appointed by the Sultan to the various Embassies and Legations. They are paid and clothed by their employers, and are answerable to the Sultan for the safety of those on whom they attend. In old days if any accident happened to a member of a Legation or Embassy, the wretched Kavass, whether in fault or not, forfeited his life. Those who have read *Paul Patoff* will remember the terror of the Kavass on Alexander Patoff's mysterious disappearance from St. Sophia. There are six Kavasses at the British Embassy. Their undress uniform is dark blue cloth, thickly braided in black, with a broad gold belt and gold straps over the shoulder. They all carry a sword, and have a revolver in a gold pouch slung from the waist-belt. The

dress uniform is a fine shade of crimson, also thickly braided, and only worn on State occasions when in attendance on the Ambassador.

We were all in morning dress, uniform being worn but seldom by the diplomatic corps at Constantinople. Our way was along the new part of the *Grande Rue*, the only handsome street in Pera, rebuilt after the great fire of 1870, which destroyed the British Embassy. Here are all the best shops, the Club House, and the Spanish Ministry. A sharp turn to the right led us to the *Grand Champ des Morts*, still used for burials. This was our first sight of a Turkish cemetery with its turban-crowned tombstones, standing at any and every angle from the perpendicular, many even fallen down, and giving one that general impression of neglect conveyed by all Turkish cemeteries. The redeeming points are the huge cypresses planted by hundreds in every cemetery, large and small, and of a size quite unknown in England. They form a striking feature in every distant view of the city, as they surround each mosque, their dark foliage forming a strong contrast to the glittering white minarets. On the hills, as at Scutari and the *Grand Champ des Morts*, they stand out like black pillars against the bright blue sky. The Turkish women are fond of spending whole days, sitting on their carpets in the cemeteries, not from any deep affection for the dead, for the Turk cares little for the body when once buried—the soul, the true being they loved, is safe in Paradise, though only from the moment that the body is laid in the ground. For this reason the funerals take place as soon as possible after death, and if you meet a Turkish funeral, the procession is hurrying along in what appears to us the most indecorous haste, so that the soul may the more quickly attain to its final bliss. A devout Turk, passing a coffin, will give his aid to the bearers, exhausted by the speed at which they go. This aid, if only given for forty paces, secures the pardon of a heavy crime. The sweet scent of the cypresses is said to prevent any ill effects from prolonged visits to the cemeteries.

Opposite the *Grand Champ* is the huge palace of the German Embassy with its unrivalled view across the Bosphorus. A steep zig-zag road led us down to the fine marble Palace of Dolmabahcheh on the Bosphorus, now only used twice a year, at the great Bairam receptions. Built by Sultan Abdul Medjid, it was a favourite residence of its builder and of the unfortunate Abdul Aziz. It was from this palace that he was carried off, after his dethronement in 1876, first to the Seraglio and then to the Palace of Cheragan, a little further up the Bosphorus, where his life soon

came to its untimely end. From this point the road along the whole suburb of Beshiktash was crowded with troops on their way to the Selamlık. At each cross street we passed whole companies standing at ease after a long and dusty march, wiping their accoutrements and dusty boots, their officers in fullest uniform resting outside the many cafés which line the street, smoking and sipping coffee. A sharp turn to the left and inland led to the steep ascent to the Palace of Yildiz, where the Sultan always lives and which he now only quits to visit the Mosque, a stone's throw from the gates of Yildiz, or when, twice a year, he receives the dignitaries of the kingdom on the occasion of the Bairam festivals at Dolmabahcheh. The latticed windows of the houses show that all this quarter is Turkish. In the poorer houses, where the women of the family do the work, the whole house is latticed. In the richer houses, where slaves are kept, only the harem is thus guarded, whilst in the selamlık, or men's part, where the women never enter, the windows are free. The active little Arab horses take a steep hill at a gallop, and we had scarcely time to notice the various groups of foot passengers, all pressing up the hill to the same spot: Arabs in their turbans and long shapeless coats; solemn Turks in fez and frock-coat, sometimes leading a little boy whose dress was the ditto of their own; women of the lower classes, with their white headgear; dervishes in their tall brown caps, like Irish hats without a brim; gaily-dressed Turkish grooms leading exquisite horses, splendidly caparisoned, whose masters, equally splendid, awaited them above near the palace; Ulemahs, Sheikhs, Muftis, all bent on a sight of the Sultan, whom they reverence not merely as their sovereign, but as the Caliph, the successor or vicar of the Prophet.

At last we drew up opposite the Mosque, before a low, white building, from the windows of which those introduced by the diplomatic corps can see the ceremony. We passed across a terrace on which stood those who had not secured tickets of admission, and where crowds of Pashas and aides-de-camp were waiting till the time came to take their appointed places. After giving our visiting cards at the door of the building, we entered and found we were in good time to secure front places in one of the windows. The scene was already full of life and interest. Exactly opposite across the road rose the small white Mosque, standing in the midst of a large gravelled space. To the right, just beyond the road by which we had climbed the hill, were massed two large bodies of cavalry, one mounted on grey, the other

on brown horses. They were what we should call lancers, and their red pennons shone in the bright sunlight. In front of them were many hundreds of Turkish women, their heads covered with the large white linen covering which marks the poorer classes, as distinguished from the yashmak, or fine muslin headdress worn by ladies. A corner of this linen is drawn over the mouth. The male spectators in their varied garments stood where they could. And now the first band was heard, and the line regiments one after another marched swiftly up the hill and took up their positions all down the various roads that surround the Mosque. Immediately under our windows were two regiments of Zouaves, with green turbans and loose red trousers, and white gaiters. They came down the hill from the direction of the palace, with a fine, swinging elastic step, preceded by their band. Opposite across the road were the regiment of marines, with their large sailor collars. In all about 8,000 troops are massed each week round the Mosque, a splendid sight in itself, for the Turkish soldiers are well drilled, and well clothed, whilst the officers' uniforms are resplendent with gold lace and generally covered with orders. Men and officers alike wear the fez. A brilliant company of mounted officers had gradually been gathering under our windows, and opposite us were a group of boys in rich uniforms. These were the Princes, the Sultan's sons, and the boys who are educated with them. Whilst the troops are waiting, the water-carriers pass to and fro among them, and we saw the tin cups eagerly held out and passed by the front rows to those in the back. At this moment some one near us exclaimed: 'Here comes His Excellency,' and looking out, we saw our Ambassador driving up the hill, his carriage preceded by two mounted Kavasses in their state crimson uniforms. Presently a number of small carts drawn by donkeys or ponies, and filled with gravel, came past, and the contents were quickly spread over the road in front of us, down which the Sultan will pass. This is the last act of preparation, and now everyone below us is on the *qui vive*. Servants hurry towards the Mosque, carrying small black portmanteaux in which are the epaulettes, orders, &c., of their masters, who have marched or driven up without their decorations, and who will meet the Sultan at the Mosque without joining the procession. The Chief Eunuch is pointed out to us, a very tall, stout, elderly negro who, preceded by his servant bearing the portmanteau, descends leisurely towards the Mosque. He ranks as third Altesse in the kingdom, taking precedence even of the young Khedive of Egypt.

Just then a message came that we were to go to the Ambassador's kiosk nearer the palace, which we did, and found we had a far better view, looking on one side to the gates of Yildiz, and on the other to the hill which rose behind the cavalry. We had hardly taken our places when someone said: 'Here come the ladies of the harem,' and a procession of about six closed carriages, splendidly appointed, descended from Yildiz, and, passing in front of our windows, turned in at the iron gates of the court of the Mosque. Here they are drawn up one behind the other, the horses are taken out, and the ladies see what they can from under the half-drawn blinds. Each carriage has its own hideous black attendant. The Valideh Sultan, the Sultan's mother, takes precedence. The present Valideh Sultan is really Abdul Hamid's nurse, his own mother died when he was born. As the carriages passed us, we could only catch a glimpse of the brilliant pink and blue and yellow brocades worn by the ladies, except that on one occasion a young daughter of the Sultan, not yet old enough to be veiled, passed in one of the carriages and looked up at us, with an expression of great curiosity and interest. By this time the court of the Mosque was filled by Pashas, aides-de-camp, and officials of all sorts in glittering uniforms, only leaving room for the Sultan's carriage and those who are in his procession. And now we look up at the minaret, and see that the muezzin has appeared on the gallery, which runs round it high up, for it is some time past twelve, and he only awaits the moment of the Sultan leaving his palace to begin his shrill call to prayer. All this time various bands have been playing one after another, entirely European music; but now they pause, and we hear faintly borne on the breeze, for he has turned towards the south, and has the minaret between us and him, the muezzin's first call: 'God is great. I bear witness there is no god but God. I bear witness that Mohammed is the Apostle of God. Come hither to prayers. Come hither to salvation. God is great. There is no god but God.' As the muezzin moves round the cry becomes more audible. Hark! there is a tramp of feet on the fresh-strewn gravel, it is the long line of Pashas who head the procession, all in splendid uniforms, covered with orders, marching one behind the other on each side of the road, down the hill from the palace to the entrance of the Mosque, where they draw up in front of those already waiting there. They are followed by some five or six officials, ministers who walk together in the middle of the road. Then we hear the first notes of the 'Hamideyeh,' the Sultan's march. His

Imperial Majesty has passed the gates of Yildiz, and every neck is turned to catch the first glimpse of his magnificent carriage. Listen to the cheers, taken up by each regiment as he passes, not the ringing cheers of the English, nor the *Rah-rah* of the Swedes, nor the loud *Hoch* of the Germans, nor the quick *Viva* of the Italians, but something like a deep, earnest, prolonged hum, solemn, yet heart-stirring. And now the green enamelled and richly gilded barouche comes in sight, drawn by two glorious black horses covered with gold harness, driven by a man in bright blue and gold livery, on each side the grooms in blue and gold, and every man in sight, naval, military, civil, master, or servant, in the all-pervading, but all-becoming fez! In the carriage sits a small yet stately man, in a simple cloth military overcoat, with no order or decoration of any sort, only his curved sword, and a fez like all the rest; his large hooked nose proclaims his Armenian mother, his piercing eyes are raised to our window as he passes, and one feels he recognises some of the faces there, but his face is still and immovable, and he salutes no one, though his whole person has a faint swaying motion, so faint that it may only be caused by the movement of the carriage. Opposite His Imperial Majesty sits Osman Ghazi, the hero of Plevna, almost his only intimate friend, whom he trusts implicitly. The carriage is followed by six superb riding horses, pure Arabs, each led by a groom.

Slowly the glittering *cortège* passes, turns in at the Mosque gates, amid the cheers of the surrounding Pashas, and draws up at the marble steps to the left of the public entrance. As the Sultan steps out of his carriage in his simple dress, the centre of this gorgeous pageant, the muezzin above leans over the gallery of the minaret and utters his last cry, addressed to the Sultan, and only used on this occasion, 'Remember there is One greater than thou.' And so the Sultan passes into the Mosque and is lost to sight, and the Pashas hurry in at the public entrance to join in the prayers. When the attendance is very large and the small Mosque is overcrowded, prayer-carpets are brought out into the court of the Mosque, that all may join in the service. Faintly through the open doors we hear the nasal sing-song of the prayers, and we can watch the worshippers outside as they prostrate themselves at the name of Allah, rising and falling in perfect unison.

Now we have time to talk to our friends, and are made acquainted with the French Ambassador, the Swedish Minister, and others. Black-robed attendants bring in the most excellent tea and carry round cigarettes, and the time of waiting passes

pleasantly away. After a while the Grand Master of Ceremonies enters, charged with his Imperial master's greetings. To our surprise, he tells us that we are to be received in private audience after the Sultan has seen the French and English Ambassadors. When the weather is cooler, the troops march past the Sultan, who appears after the prayers at the window of a small building which joins on to the Mosque, as a vestry does in our churches. But it is too hot to-day, and the troops begin slowly to move away, without music. A cloud of dust to the right shows where the cavalry are passing, and soon the various regiments have dispersed, except those lining the direct road to the palace. As we look out we see that they all turned towards the Mosque as soon as the Sultan had passed by. In a little over half an hour the prayer-carpets are taken up, and the Pashas inside the Mosque begin to reappear and crowd the court. Then a low open phaeton with two fine horses, snow white, a present from the Emperor of Austria, is led round to the marble steps, and the Sultan comes out, whilst the Pashas bow to the very ground. He gets in, the hood is pulled up, and his Majesty, driving himself, starts for the Palace at a smart trot, grooms, aides-de-camp and Pashas, thin and stout, all running behind. His Imperial Majesty looks now neither to right nor left, and quickly disappears behind the palace gates, and the Selamlık is over.

II.

THE PALACE OF YILDIZ.

I HAVE already mentioned that we were to be received in private audience by the Sultan after the Selamlık. We were shown through one or two rooms, into a small audience chamber, simply furnished except for the rich carpets, where we found H.I.M., the Grand Master of Ceremonies, the English Ambassador, and the First Dragoman, who acted as interpreter, for it is not etiquette for the Sultan to speak, or even appear to understand, any language but Turkish, though he is a good French scholar.

Nothing could be more flattering than the reception accorded to my husband or more gracious than H.I.M.'s manner to me and our son. Cigarettes were offered, the Sultan himself striking and handing on the match. We were all seated on chairs in a circle, the Sultan placing me immediately on his right. He had read one of my husband's works in a French translation, and seemed much gratified at our expressions of admiration of what we had already seen of

his beautiful capital. On rising to dismiss us, he presented my husband with the Order of the Medjidieh, highest class, and, offering me his arm, led me to the door of the room, a mark of the greatest condescension, and much commented on as such in the papers the next morning.

The Sultan had said that we were to see his private museum, library, and garden, and accordingly when we left we found one of the chamberlains and the Grand Ecuyer¹ waiting to show us those parts of the palace to which no strangers are admitted. I believe we were the first foreigners (except the famous traveller Vambéry, who is an intimate friend of the Sultan) who had ever visited these parts of the palace. Leaving the kiosk where we had been received, immediately behind the room used by the ambassadors at the Selamlık, we walked up the steep hill down which the Sultan drives to the Mosque, and passing through the principal entrance to Yildiz, we turned to the left. On our right rose the high bare harem walls, higher than any prison walls in England; a closed and carefully guarded doorway admitted us inside these walls. Leaving a beautiful kiosk to our left, and passing through a narrow passage, we came suddenly on a scene of marvellous beauty. Yildiz stands on the summit of the highest hill of the capital, and here before us lay a large lake or artificial river, covered with caiques and boats of all shapes, an electric launch among others. The gardens sloped to the lake on all sides, the lawns as green, the turf as well kept as in the best English gardens. Exquisite shrubs and palms were planted in every direction, whilst the flower borders were a blaze of colour. The air was almost heavy with the scent of orange blossom, and gardeners were busy at every turn sprinkling the turf, even the crisp gravel walks, with water. The harem wall, now on our right, rose no longer bare, but covered to the very top with yellow and white Banksia roses, heliotrope, sweet verbena, passion flowers, &c. Thousands of white or silvery-grey pigeons—the Prophet's bird—flew in and out of a huge pigeon-house, built against the walls, half hidden by the creepers, and the whole scene was lighted up by the brilliant Eastern sunlight, in which every object stands out so clearly that one's sense of distance is almost lost. At the end of the lake is a duck decoy, where H.I.M. often amuses himself with shooting, and far beyond this we could catch glimpses of the park sloping away towards the Bosphorus.

¹ A most attractive man, now in banishment as an active member of the Young Turkey party.

Beyond the pigeon-house we entered a building consisting of one long room, filled with treasures. This is the Sultan's private museum. Here are collected and beautifully arranged all the presents that he has received, as well as innumerable valuable objects that belonged to some of his predecessors. Countless clocks and watches, inlaid armour, objects in jade, caskets, wonderfully bound books, china of all sorts, pictures, miniatures, jewelled ornaments of every kind, all so arranged in their cases that one could examine and enjoy them, a delightful contrast to the confusion in which the treasures of the old Seraglio are heaped together. One upright case contained four dozen of the most perfect deep blue Sèvres plates, a present from the Emperor Napoleon, sunk into velvet, twenty-four on each side of the stand. Each plate was a picked and perfect specimen. The right names were not always attached to the objects, and we found a miniature painting which we recognised as Lord Palmerston marked as the Prince Consort! We could have spent hours in examining everything, but time was limited, and we were taken on to the private stables, still within the harem walls, holding twelve of the most perfect Arabs, used by the Sultan for riding and driving in the park of Yildiz. They were all white or grey. Of course we saw no dogs anywhere—they are held of no repute in the East; but I was told the Sultan possesses a peculiarly fine breed of white Angora cats, to which he is devoted, and whose progeny he sometimes gives to friends, but I saw none of them. The only pet we saw was a large cockatoo at the harem gate, who uttered some unknown sounds—I suppose Turkish—as we passed.

On leaving the harem gate, where the Chamberlain took leave of us, we found two carriages, which were to take us to the stables. We drove round outside the harem walls, but still inside the boundary wall of Yildiz, through a park full of fine trees, that, but for the distant views of the Bosphorus, recalled many a park at home, till we reached a long stone building, the stables, where all the mares are kept. Black and white grooms in fine liveries stood about in all directions, and we walked down the middle, admiring the beautiful creatures in their stalls, on both sides, with their sleek coats, their graceful limbs, their soft and intelligent eyes. The Grand Ecuyer ordered the most beautiful of them—a snow-white mare, with a long curved tail, exactly like the pictures of Turks and their horses—to be saddled and put through her paces for us. She knew she was being shown off, and acquitted herself admirably, like any stately beauty well aware of her own charms.

We then drove on to another large stable filled with horses, all stallions, and most of them as vicious to strangers as they are beautiful. Here were horses of various breeds—among others the two white Austrians, driven by the Sultan from the Mosque—and some very powerful black Russian horses, which we were warned not to approach. All the arrangements of the stables were of the most modern and improved fashion. Another fine horse was saddled here, and ridden up and down by one of the grooms. Outside this stable were several large buildings, roofed in, but open at the side; these are for sheltering the countless multitudes of poor people whom the Sultan feeds at the Bairam festival which ends the long fast of Ramazan; many thousands are entertained each night. We drove back as we had come, and taking leave of the Grand Ecuyer at the gate of Yildiz, and expressing our delight with all we had seen, we got into our carriages and drove home.

Two nights afterwards, when my husband and son were dining at the palace, the Sultan said to my husband, when he expressed his interest in all that had been shown us at Yildiz, 'You have not seen my private library, which I particularly wish you to visit.' We mentioned this to Sadik Bey, the charming palace aide-de-camp appointed by H.I.M. to attend us everywhere and show us everything during our whole stay, and to whose unfailing friendliness and attention we owe so much of the pleasure of our time at Constantinople. Sadik Bey at once arranged a visit for the next day.

Again we passed the chief entrance of Yildiz, but turned at once to our right, outside the harem walls, and soon reached a kiosk, of one long and lofty room, the private library of the Sultan. Here we found a charming old Turkish librarian, speaking no language but his own, but proud of and devoted to the books under his care. He had six or eight intelligent assistants. We were soon seated at a table, a carefully prepared and very full catalogue before us, and our friend Sadik Bey at hand as interpreter. It was touching to see the genuine anxiety of the old librarian to find any book my husband wished to see, and he was ably seconded by his assistants. They first brought us some exquisite Persian MSS., beautifully illuminated and bound; and when we made them understand that my husband would like to see any books in the library from India, they eagerly produced all they had, but they proved to be chiefly modern works on music. After they had brought us some fine MSS. of the Koran with glosses and commentaries, they asked us to walk about and examine the general contents of the building. The bookcases were

of the best construction, with movable shelves, and at one end we found a very good collection of English, French, and German classics. The centre of the room was occupied by glass cases, filled with gorgeously bound, illustrated works, chiefly gifts to the Sultan. Whilst my husband, with the aid of Sadik Bey, was talking to the old librarian, the assistants showed my son and me some fine photographs of places in the Sultan's dominions and of public buildings in Stamboul.

Nothing could exceed their courtesy and attention and evident wish to make our visit pleasant to us. The Sultan had sent word that we were coming, and we heard from the librarian that H.I.M. takes deep interest in all the arrangements of the library, and visits it almost every day, and that he had already ordered that my husband's books, which he had begged leave to present to the Sultan, should occupy a prominent place when they arrived. We left most unwillingly, accompanied to the door by the venerable librarian and all his staff, who took leave of us with the usual graceful Eastern salutation of the deep bow, with the right hand laid first on the heart, then on the head—a sign of devotion which we felt they had fully carried out in their courteous attention during the two hours of our visit.

III.

THE QURBAN BAIRAM RECEPTION.

'Of course you must see the Qurban Bairam reception,' said Sadik Bey to us. 'Your Ambassador cannot admit you, but as guests of the Sultan it can easily be arranged.' Before we left Pera for Therapia, we had for some days constantly passed rams being led about the streets; some of them magnificent animals, with thick white fleeces, others looking poor and thin. These were the victims to be sold for the Qurban Bairam, or Feast of Sacrifices, which is a day of rejoicing throughout the whole Mussulman world, and is celebrated on the tenth day of the twelfth lunar month. This fell, when we were in Turkey, on June 24. Every householder must provide one or more rams, according to the size of his household, which he must kill himself directly after the morning prayer. It is afterwards eaten, part being given to the poor. The feast is thought to be in memory of the sacrifice of Isaac.

As the reception is very early in the morning, we had to sleep in Pera. At 8.30 P.M. or sundown, a great gun proclaimed the

opening of the feast, and from that moment the noise of bells and guns, shouts and singing, never ceased. We went to bed early, but not to sleep; the guns, and bells, and fireworks went on all night, and the dogs, disturbed from their usual scavengering expeditions, kept up one wild yell. About 2 A.M. the various regiments which were to line the road down which the Sultan passes from Yildiz to Dolmabahcheh, began to march past our hotel, each regiment with its band playing, and, as the streets are not lighted, accompanied by hundreds of men carrying lanterns, looking like glow-worms as they came up the hill past my windows. After breakfast the carriage came, at 5.30, and we drove rapidly along the Grande Rue and down the hill by the German Embassy, reaching the palace just at its foot soon after 6. It was a glorious morning, already hot, and we found our faithful friend, Sadik Bey, in his grandest uniform and covered with orders, awaiting us. He took us at once to the diplomatic waiting-room, which was rapidly filling, we being the only people present not belonging to an embassy or legation; and we heard afterwards our good fortune had excited the envy of other English visitors to Pera. It was past seven when the second Master of Ceremonies appeared to summon us, and then began a hurried rush across the garden and up the countless stairs to a long gallery on one side of what is the largest audience hall in the world. We found on crossing the garden that the Sultan had already arrived, and we had not seen what is the most beautiful sight of the Bairam reception earlier in the year, his riding into the palace on a white horse covered with jewelled trappings, surrounded by all his court officials, superbly mounted. As the Sultan slays his ram directly he dismounts on this occasion, no infidel eye may witness the arrival. The ram, a huge animal of the Angora breed, with snow-white fleece, lay dead as we passed at the foot of the steps by which the Sultan reaches his own apartments. On arriving at our gallery we found that we were so high above the floor, and the hall of audience so vast, that we could scarcely distinguish the features of those below us. But for a few attendants hurrying about, the hall was empty, except that the throne, a large armchair and footstool in cloth of gold, already stood in its place at the upper end of the hall facing the grand entrance doors. Over these doors was a smaller gallery, where the band was placed, which played beautifully till the ceremony began. Our gallery, though not much more than half the length of the hall, was large enough for a good ball-

room. The ladies sat in front, looking over the balustrade, the gentlemen stood behind, and at the back, beneath the lofty windows, was a buffet, with gold plate laden with every delicacy. Gradually the hall began to fill, and as everyone of the rank of a colonel upwards throughout the whole Empire has a right to attend the Bairam receptions, the crowd of magnificent uniforms was very great. They stood in ranks, one behind the other, forming three sides of a square, leaving the centre of the hall facing the throne free. The Imperial Household, headed by the Chief Eunuch, stood across the hall behind the throne in order of precedence, all in magnificent uniforms, and most of them with orders. The second eunuch—a very tall, thin fellow—stood about the thirteenth, and above two of the Sultan's sons-in-law. It would be difficult to imagine a more gorgeous scene than the hall presented when all had entered and were awaiting the Sultan's entry. Every variety of uniform, sheiks from the desert in burnous and turban, priests, ulemahs, ministers all alike blazing with orders. I asked Sadik Bey why there was so long a delay, as it was nearly eight o'clock. He told me that the Sultan, tired with the early prayers, had gone to sleep, and no one can venture to disturb H.I.M. At length the band ceased, and the small, stately man appeared through a door near the throne, followed by Osman Ghazi only. The Sultan wore a plain military frock-coat, a fez, like all the rest of the brilliant throng, with a curved gold-hilted sword—no decoration of any sort. As he entered everyone in the hall bowed to the very ground, and remained so till he had taken his seat. Osman Ghazi stood at the right of the Sultan's throne, with a gold-embroidered scarf over his right arm, which was kissed by the less august members of the assembly, who had no right to touch the Sultan.

As soon as the Sultan was seated the court ulemah stepped up on his left and uttered a low prayer, the whole assembly standing in the prayer attitude, with the hands raised and the palms turned towards the face, as if forming a book. Directly the priest stepped back, the reception began at once in perfect silence; the Pashas passing upon the Sultan's right, prostrating themselves and kissing the scarf, and then backing away on his left in a crouching attitude, and saluting as they backed by touching the ground, their heart, and their forehead with the right hand. Those who were well accustomed to court life executed this movement with perfect grace, but most of the provincial Pashas were exquisitely awkward, and, instead of pausing between

each salutation, continued the movement incessantly, and long after they were hidden from the Sultan by those following them.

The Pashas who were personal friends of the Sultan were not allowed to fall at his feet; a very slight movement of the Imperial hand showed that they were only to bow low; and old Raoulf Pasha, who had lost a leg at Plevna, was not expected to back across the room, but was permitted to pass away at once behind the throne. No one else left the hall. Two incidents excited great attention. The Bulgarian Envoy had been treated a few days before with considerable hauteur by the Russian Ambassador, on which the Sultan had said he should not run the chance of any indignity in the diplomatic gallery at the reception, but should stand below with the Royal household; and there he was in plain evening dress, most conspicuous among all the uniforms. The other notable incident was the reception of the ex-Khedive, Ismael Pasha, who was known to be in great disgrace owing to some marriage intrigue in which he had been engaged. As the old man approached no sign of recognition was visible on the Sultan's countenance, and Ismael was allowed to grovel at the Sultan's feet, and back away at the side, without one kind look. At length all had passed by, and taken their places again in ranks round the hall.

And now the silence was broken for the first time, the Grand Master of Ceremonies, Munir Pasha, stepping into the centre of the hall and announcing in a loud voice, 'The Sheik-ul-Islam.' Immediately a tall, dignified old man, in a long white robe and turban, with the Grand Cordon of the Medjidieh, approached up the open space in the centre, and as he neared the throne the Sultan rose and bowed his head, whilst the Sheik-ul-Islam raised his hands in blessing and uttered a prayer, all the Pashas re-assuming the attitude of prayer. He then stood aside and the Sultan resumed his place, and all the other ulemahs present came forward up the centre and made their obeisance. Their dresses were most brilliant—black, green, purple, and blue satin robes mixed with white—and many of them wore orders.

As soon as the last ulemah had passed, the Sultan rose, without any sort of salutation to anyone, and whilst all present bowed again to the very ground, passed out of the hall, with only Osman Ghazi in attendance. The hall quickly emptied itself, and we were glad to turn to the inviting buffets, for though it was only nine o'clock, most of us had breakfasted soon after five. On our way from the palace to the landing-place, where the

various embassy steam launches were waiting, we passed innumerable cafés full of Pashas and officers in full uniform sipping coffee and smoking after the fatigues of the reception. Sadik Bey bade us farewell at the hall, having to attend the audience granted to all the household officials.

‘When will that be?’ I asked.

‘It is impossible to say,’ he replied. ‘His Majesty is going to sleep; we cannot say when he will wake.’

We were glad to accept the offer of places in the Austrian launch, and, though it was but little past ten o’clock when we reached Therapia, we felt as if we had already had a long and exciting day.

G. MAX MÜLLER.

(To be continued.)

Ravens in Somersetshire.

IN his last work—*Summer Studies of Birds and Books*—Mr. Warde Fowler has a pleasant chapter on wagtails, in which he remarks incidentally that he does not care for the big solemn birds that delight, or are dear to, 'Mr. Hudson.' Their bigness disturbs and their solemnity oppresses him. They do not twitter and warble, and flit hither and thither, flirting their feathers, and with their dainty gracefulness and airy, fairy ways wind themselves round his heart. Wagtails are quite big enough for him; they are, in fact, as big as birds should be, and so long as these charming little creatures abound in these islands he (Mr. Fowler) will be content. Indeed, he goes so far as to declare that on a desert island, without a human creature to share its solitude with him, he would be happy enough if only wagtails were there to keep him company. Mr. Fowler is not joking; he tells us frankly what he thinks and feels, and when we come to consider the matter seriously, as he wishes us to do, we discover that there is nothing astonishing in his confession, that his mental attitude is capable of being explained. It is only natural, in an England from which the larger birds have been banished, that he should have become absorbed in observing and in admiration of the small species that remain; for we observe and study the life that is nearest to us, and seeing it well we are impressed by its perfection—the perfect correspondence that exists between the creature and its surroundings—by its beauty, grace, and other attractive qualities, as we are not impressed by the life which is at a distance and of which we only obtain rare and partial glimpses.

These thoughts passed through my mind one cold, windy day last spring, several hours of which I spent lying on the short grass on the summit of a cliff, watching at intervals a pair of ravens that had their nest on a ledge of rock some distance below. Big and solemn and solemn and big they certainly were, and although inferior in this respect to eagle, pelican, bustard, crane, vulture,

heron, stork, and many another feathered notable, to see them was at the same time a pleasure and a relief. It also occurred to me at the time that, alone on a desert island, I should be better off with ravens than wagtails for companions; and this for an excellent reason. The wagtail is no doubt a very lively, pretty, engaging creature—so for that matter is the house fly—but between ourselves and the small birds there exists, psychologically, a vast gulf. Birds, says Matthew Arnold, live beside us, but unknown, and try how we will we can find no passage from our souls to theirs. But to Arnold—in the poem to which I have alluded at all events—a bird simply meant a caged canary; he was not thinking of the larger, more mammal-like, and therefore more human-like, mind of the raven, and, it may be added, of the crows generally.

The pair I spent so long a time in watching were greatly disturbed at my presence on the cliff. Their anxiety was not strange, seeing that their nest is annually plundered in the interest of the 'cursed collector,' as Sir Herbert Maxwell has taught us to name the worst enemy of the rarer British birds. At intervals of from fifteen to twenty minutes they would appear overhead uttering their angry, deep croak, and, with wings outspread, seemingly without an effort on their part, allow the wind to lift them higher and higher until they would look no bigger than daws; and, after dwelling for a couple of minutes on the air at that great height, they would descend to the earth again, to disappear behind a neighbouring cliff. And on each occasion they exhibited that wonderful aerial feat, characteristic of the raven, and perhaps unique among birds, of coming down in a series of long drops with closed wings. I am inclined to think that a strong wind is necessary for the performance of this feat, enabling the bird to fall obliquely, and to arrest the fall at any moment by merely throwing out the wings. At any rate, it is a fact that I have never seen this method of descent used by the birds in calm weather. It is totally different to the tumbling down, as if wounded, of ravens when two or more are seen toying with each other in the air, a performance which is also practised by some other species of the crow family. The tumbling feat is indulged in only when the birds are playing, and, as it would appear, solely for the fun of the thing; the feat I am describing has a use, as it enables the bird to come down from a great height in the air in the shortest time and with the least expenditure of force possible. With the vertical fall of a bird like the gannet on its prey we are not concerned

here, but with the descent to earth of a bird soaring at a considerable height. Now many birds when rushing rapidly down appear to close their wings, but they are never wholly closed; in some cases they are carried as when folded, but are slightly raised from the body; in other cases the wing is tightly pressed against the side, but the primaries stand out obliquely, giving the descending bird the figure of a barbed arrow-head. This may be seen in daws, choughs, pipits, and many other species. The raven suddenly closes his outspread wings, just as a man might drop his arms to his sides, and falls head downwards through the air like a stone bird cast down from its pedestal; but he falls obliquely, and, after falling for a space of fifteen or twenty feet, he throws out his wings and floats for a few seconds on the air, then falls again, and then again, until the earth is reached.

Let the reader imagine a series of invisible wires stretched, wire above wire, at a distance of thirty or forty yards apart, to a height of six or seven hundred yards from the earth. Let him next imagine an acrobat, infinitely more daring, more agile, and graceful in action than any performer he has ever seen—imagine him standing on the highest wire of all, in his black silk tights, against the blue sky, his arms outstretched, then dropping his arms to his sides and diving through the air to the next wire, then to the next, and so on successively until he comes to the earth. The feat would be similar, only on a larger scale and less beautiful than that of the ravens as I witnessed it again and again from the cliff on that windy day.

While watching this magnificent display it troubled me to think that this pair of ravens would probably not long survive to be an ornament to the coast. Their nest, it has been stated, is regularly robbed, but I had been informed that in the summer of 1894 a third bird appeared, and it was then conjectured that the pair had succeeded in rearing one of their young. About a month later a raven was picked up dead on the coast by a boatman—killed, it was believed, by his fellow-ravens—and since then two birds only have been seen. There are only two more pairs of ravens on the Somersetshire coast, and, as one pair made no attempt to breed last spring, we may take it that the raven population of this county, where the species was formerly common, has now been reduced to two pairs.

Anxious to find out if there was any desire in the place to preserve the birds I had been observing, I made many inquiries in the neighbourhood, and was told that the landlord cared nothing

about them, and that the tenant's only desire was to see the last of them. The tenant kept a large number of sheep, and always feared, one of his men told me, that the ravens would attack and kill his lambs. It was true that they had not done so as yet, but they might kill a lamb at any time; and, besides, there were the rabbits—the place swarmed with them—there was no doubt that a young rabbit was taken occasionally.

Why, then, I asked, if they were so destructive, did not his master go out and shoot them at once? The man looked grave, and answered that his master would not do the killing himself, but would be very glad to see it done by some other person.

How curious it is to find that the old superstitions about the raven and the evil consequences of inflicting wilful injury on the bird still survive, in spite of the fact that the species has been persecuted almost to extirpation!

'Have you not read, sir,' Don Quixote is made to say, 'the annals and histories of England, wherein are renowned and famous exploits of King Arthur, of whom there goes a tradition, and a common one, all over that kingdom of Great Britain, that the king did not die, but that by magic art he was transformed into a raven, and that in process of time he shall reign again and recover his kingdom and sceptre, for which reason it cannot be proved that, from that day to this, any Englishman has killed a raven?'

Now, it is certain that many Englishmen kill ravens, also that if the country people in England ever had any knowledge of King Arthur they have long forgotten it. Nevertheless this particular superstition still exists. I have met with it in various places, and found an instance of it only the other day in the Midlands, where the raven no longer breeds. Near Broadway there is a farm called the 'Kites' Nest,' where a pair of ravens bred annually up to about twenty-eight or thirty years ago, when the young were taken and the nest pulled down by three young men from the village: to this day it is related by some of the old people that the three young men all shortly came to bad ends. Near Broadway an old farmer told me that since the birds had been driven away from the Kites' Nest he had not seen a raven in that part of the country until one made its appearance on his farm about four years ago. He was out one day with his gun, cautiously approaching a rabbit warren, when the bird suddenly got up from the mouth of a burrow, and coming straight to him, hovered for some seconds above his head, not more than thirty

yards from him. 'It looked as if he wanted to be shot at,' said the old man, 'but he's no bird to be shot at by I. 'Twould be bad for I to hurt a raven, and no mistake.'

Continuing my inquiries about the Somerset ravens, I found a man who was anxious that they should be spared. His real reason was that their eggs for him were golden eggs, for he lived near the cliff, and had an eye always on them, and had been successful for many years in robbing their nest, until he had at length come to look on them almost as his own property. Being his he loved them, and was glad to talk about them to me by the hour. Among other things he related that the ravens had for very near neighbours on the rocks a pair of peregrine falcons, and for several years there had always been peace between them. One afternoon, about three years ago, he heard loud, angry cries, and presently two birds appeared above the cliff—a raven and a falcon—engaged in desperate battle and mounting higher and higher as they fought. The raven, he said, did not croak, but constantly uttered his harsh, powerful, barking cry, while the falcon emitted shrill, piercing cries that must have been audible two miles away. At intervals as they rose, wheeling round and round, they struck at each other, and becoming locked together fell like one bird for a considerable distance; then they would separate and mount again, shrieking and barking. At length they rose to so great a height that he feared to lose sight of them; but the struggle grew fiercer; they closed more often and fell longer distances, until they were near the earth once more, when they finally separated, flying away in opposite directions. He was afraid that the birds had fatally injured each other, but after two or three days he saw them again in their places.

It was not possible for him, he told me, to describe the feelings he had while watching the birds. It was the most wonderful thing he had ever witnessed, and while the fight lasted he looked round from time to time, straining his eyes and praying that some one would come to share the sight with him, and because no one appeared he was miserable.

I could well understand his feeling, and have not ceased to envy him his good fortune. Thinking, after leaving him, of the sublime conflict he had described, and of the raven's savage nature, Blake's 'Tiger, tiger, burning bright' came to my mind, and the line—

Did He who made the lamb make thee?

We can but answer that it was no other; that when the Supreme Artist had fashioned it with bold, free lines out of the blue-black rock, he smote upon it with his mallet and bade it live and speak; and its voice when it spoke was in accord with its appearance and temper—the savage, humanlike croak, and the loud, angry bark, as if a deep-chested man had barked like a blood-hound.

How strange it seems, when we come to think of it, that the owners of great estates and vast parks, who are lovers of wild nature and animal life, and should therefore have been most anxious to preserve this bird, have allowed it to be extirpated! 'A raven tree,' says the author of the *Birds of Wiltshire*, 'is no mean ornament to a park, and speaks of a wide domain and large timber, and an ancient family; for the raven is an aristocratic bird and cannot brook a confined property and trees of a young growth. Would that its predilection were more humoured and a secure retreat allowed it by the larger proprietors in the land!'

The wide domains, the large timber, and the ancient families survive, but the raven has vanished. It occasionally takes a young rabbit. But the human ravens of Somerset—to wit, the men and boys who have as little right to the rabbits—do the same. I do not suppose that in this way fewer than ten thousand to twenty thousand rabbits are annually 'picked up,' or 'poached'—if any one likes that word better—in the county. Probably a larger number. The existence of a pair of ravens on an estate of ten, twenty, or forty thousand acres would not add much to the loss. No doubt the raven kills other creatures that are preserved for sport, but it does not appear that its extermination has improved things in Somerset. Thirty years ago, when black-game was more plentiful than it is now, the raven was to be met with throughout the county, and was abundant on Exmoor and the Quantocks. The old head-keeper on the Forest of Exmoor told me that when he took the place, twenty-five years ago, ravens, carrion crows, buzzards, and hawks of various kinds were very abundant, and that the war he had waged against them for a quarter of a century had well-nigh extirpated all these species. He had kept a careful record of all birds killed, noting the species in every case, as he was paid for all, but the reward varied, the largest sum being given for the largest birds—ravens and buzzards. His book shows that one year, twenty-three years ago, he was paid for fifty-two ravens shot and trapped. After that the number annually diminished rapidly, and for several years past not one raven had been killed.

At present one may go from end to end of the county, which is a long one, and find no raven; but everywhere, from North Devon to the borders of Gloucestershire, one would find accounts of the 'last ravens' in the place. Even in the comparatively populous neighbourhood of Wells at least three pairs of ravens bred annually down to about twenty years ago—one pair in the tower on Glastonbury Tor, one on the Ebbor rocks, and one at Wookey Hole, two miles from the town.

But Somerset is no richer in memories of 'last ravens' than most English counties. A selection of the most interesting of such memories of ravens expelled from their ancestral breeding-places during the last half-century would fill a volume. In conclusion I will give one of the raven stories I picked up in Somerset. It was related to me by Dr. Livett, who has been the parish doctor in Wells for about sixty years, and is able to boast that he is the oldest parish doctor in the kingdom. About the year 1841 he was sent for to attend a cottage woman at Priddy—a desolate little village high up in the Mendips, four or five miles from Wells. He had to remain some hours at the cottage, and about midnight he was with the other members of the family in the living-room, when a loud tapping was heard on the glazed window. As no one in the room moved, and the tapping continued at intervals, he asked why some one did not open the door. They replied that it was only the ravens; and then told him that a pair of these birds roosted every night close by, and invariably when a light was seen burning at a late hour in any cottage they came and tapped at the window. The ravens had often been seen doing it, and their tapping was so well known that no notice was taken of it.

Dr. Livett kindly gave me permission to use this anecdote, but I quite forgot to ask him if he had ever related it to Edgar Allan Poe.

W. H. HUDSON.

Matchmaking.

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF THE
HON. GEORGINA OAKINGTON.

AS I intend this Diary to be a really true record of facts and not a mere memorandum of compliments, like some girls' journals, I shall put down what Aunt Albinia said to-day when I told her of my match-girl plan. As I foresaw, she was furious! If it had been the other kind of matchmaking that I was turning my attention to, she would have been all gracious approval, no doubt, but this—just because it is really sensible and useful, and gives some scope for one's personality to develop and influence others for good—is pronounced to be absurd and ridiculous.

On thinking it over now, I am glad to remember how well I kept my temper, especially when she *would* warn me solemnly that 'Slumming was played out now—was really quite ceasing to be the thing.' As if I should take up a career because it chanced to be 'the thing'! However, I did not lose patience, but set it all before her quite coolly and collectedly, and then, just as I thought that I had begun to make some impression even upon her, she came out with the remark which I mean to record specially here, partly by way of being perfectly candid, and partly because it will be instructive to refer to by-and-by, when events have shown which of us is right.

'You force it from me, Georgina. I would have spared your feelings if I could, but since you will not listen to reason in any other form, I must tell you plainly that your *personal appearance* is not——' (she stammered a little here)—'in short, it puts your undertaking anything of this kind quite out of the question.'

I said, quite calmly, that I begged her pardon but I failed to see what my appearance had to do with the matter.

'*Everything!*' Aunt Albinia pronounced in that irritatingly loud emphatic voice that she uses when she means to talk you down;

'appearance has *everything* to do with such things. Some people can go and play at "living as the poor live," and it does no more harm than any other game, though I object to its being played under the name of religion.'

There I interrupted her, and stated that these remarks could not apply to me, since my scheme had nothing whatever to do with religion.

'Oh!' said Aunt Albinia, and that was all—just as if anything reasonable or arguable could be expressed in a mere interjection! However, I thought it due to myself to explain that my plan of living as a match-girl among match-girls was to be regarded solely from a moral and social point of view. And Aunt Albinia said 'Oh!' again. I believe she thinks she does it rather well, and I have no doubt that with the feeble, sycophantic old spinsters on her charitable committees it is very effective. But I have too much of the Enthusiasm of Humanity to be influenced by such trivial superficialities. Then she went on—

'If you want amusement why not take to bicycle riding at once?' Such fatuity as that was really unworthy of reply, so I held my peace, and after waiting a minute she said—

'I repeat, Georgina, that nature has not fitted you for the part. If it were Cecilia Le Marchant, for instance, or your cousin Evelyn, it would be a totally different thing.' (I should think so! Pretty, empty-headed noodles, with their minds full of nothing but dress and flirtations.) 'I am sorry to pain you, but you *must* realise the fact that for such an undertaking a distinguished appearance is pre-eminently necessary, and that, unfortunately, you have *not*. Of course, you do very well as long as you keep in our own set, because everyone knows who you are, but if you go poking yourself into other ranks where you have no business, you will certainly come to grief.' (No business, indeed! As if the interchange of thought and sympathy between myself and my human sisters, and the gradual raising of them to my level, were not a life-work worthy of the noblest faculties! However, I said nothing, and my aunt prosed on.) 'Cleverness and culture are very good in their way, but you know there is almost as much of that sort of thing amongst the people as with ourselves in these days. Education is nothing now—mere prettiness is worse than nothing. A really aristocratic, high-bred air and manner and appearance are *the* only means of maintaining our superiority.'

I could stand it no longer, and broke in—

'My dear aunt, if the only object of these mysterious attri-

butes that you think so much of is to establish our superiority over an oppressed and down-trodden people, I cannot regret that I do not possess them. I have no wish to be superior. One of my chief aims in becoming a match-girl is to assert the noble principle of equality, the glorious——'

Aunt Albinia drummed with her fingers on the table and said—

'Yes, yes, we know all that. Although, by-the-by, I thought you announced just now that your personality was to influence the masses for good, and I don't quite see how that is to be combined with perfect equality; however, let that pass. I am as well aware as you are, Georgina, that, now that you are of age, neither I nor anyone else has power to force you to give up this folly, or I should certainly have done so. Your poor dear parents, had they lived, would have been horrified; however, I see you intend to take your own way, and I shall only make one more suggestion. Instead of setting up as an independent philanthropist, why should you not join Margaret Ainsworth at St. Faith's, where you would be under proper supervision?'

Supervision! I should think so. One might as well be in a convent at once. And Margaret Ainsworth, too! Of all creatures the most *bornée* and unenlightened—bound hand and foot by the clergy, and with not an idea in her head beyond the Church Catechism. I don't suppose she ever thought out a social or political problem in her life. I did not say all this to Aunt Albinia, because I know that Margaret is rather a pet of hers, but I showed what incompatibility there would be between *Margaret* and *me*, and even that must have nettled her, for she finished up with—

'Very well, then, I can do no more than warn you plainly that, with an insignificant face and figure such as yours, the project is unwise in the extreme, and will probably land you in all sorts of unpleasant predicaments. I am sorry to have been compelled to say anything so mortifying——'

I interrupted her. I was not in the *least* mortified, not in the *very least*. Personal appearance I considered absolutely unimportant. Aunt Albinia only smiled and began to put on her gloves, and, although I felt I could have shaken her, I kept my self-command, and briefly pointed out to her that my influence for good over the fellow-humans whom she called 'masses' would be founded upon something far more subtly powerful than petty class distinctions, and it struck me as distinctly characteristic of the narrowness and triviality which devotion to conventionalities pro-

duces in people, that she got up while I was speaking and went and rang the bell, and then looked for her card-case, and at last found nothing better to say than—

‘Well, I must be going out. I am sorry to have annoyed you, child’ (I was not in the least annoyed I told her), ‘but I am sadly afraid of your burning your fingers with this silly business. Playing at equality is a dangerous pastime, *unless* there is contradiction on the face of it.’

Having enunciated this extraordinary axiom, Lady Albinia sailed downstairs to set forth upon one of her rounds of unprofitable morning calls, or, worse still, to attend a committee meeting of one of her mawkish blanket-doling charities.

I went at once to my club for a little mental refreshment.

May 1st.—How glorious it is to be able really to fulfil an aspiration of one’s youth! This life as a match-girl *among* match-girls, for instance, which I have now actually begun. How I used to dream of it, and picture it in my schoolroom days, while I was still in bondage to Aunt Albinia and Fräulein! I did not know then that the strong feeling that seemed to overmaster me at times was really the first stirring of the ‘Enthusiasm of Humanity.’ I used in my simplicity and ignorance to fancy that it was merely the same kind of longing that the Le Marchants and Evelyn had to ‘come out’ and go to balls and parties, only that mine took a different form.

But I am wiser and more discerning now, and cannot but perceive that while theirs was the ordinary harmless but entirely commonplace ambition of the average schoolgirl, mine had elements of grandeur and originality which were wholly unsuspected even by myself. Now if anybody of the narrow old school of morality were to read that sentence, I have no doubt that they would hold up their hands in horror over what they would judge to be my conceit, little able to appreciate the ‘sublime self-confidence’ which is the glorious heritage of all who in this era of freedom are courageous enough to claim it.

I don’t know why I have fallen into this strain of moralising, except that on this first night in my little bare attic, dressed in the ugliest, cheapest frock I could contrive to get, miles away from the West End with its shallow follies, and surrounded on all sides by undiluted swarms of my beloved People—I feel that *at last* I can really *live*.

It is about nine o’clock, and any ordinary girl would probably

be missing her coffee, but I trust I am above such absurdity; and no doubt in a few days' time I shall come to think cheese nice even in the evening. I must go to bed now, for I have to be up betimes—to *work*! Ah, what an inspiring thought that is! . . . Curious how one gets wedded to custom! (I like to jot down thoughts as they occur to me.) Here have I been wasting ten minutes searching for my dressing-gown before I recollected that I decided not to bring one because I don't suppose the other match-girls have them; though how they manage without them in the winter I cannot think. Even now the nights are quite chilly. I almost think I shall send for my plain cashmere one with the swan's-down—and that might be the first point where I should begin to humanise and refine the other girls. Of course they will want to imitate me.

I shall write to Saunders I think. It is quite unnecessary to worry Aunt Albinia about sending parcels.

May 8th.—No one, I trust, can accuse me of being an aristocrat in opinions and views, whatever I may have the misfortune to be by the mere accident of birth; but I suppose being brought up in a nest of old-fashioned Toryism *must* influence one against one's will. At all events I find that I have somehow become imbued with certain ideas quite at variance with my own carefully thought-out and original theories. For instance, I never imagined that I should find any difficulty with the actual manual part of my new profession. I thought a lady—if she wished—could always excel in any employment requiring delicacy and skill of hand. Of course if I had considered the matter I should at once have rejected so wholly untenable a view. But I had not considered it, and so I *was* rather surprised to find that I don't excel the other girls at all, or fill them with any sort of admiration. In fact, almost the only notice they have taken of me has been to stare and then go into fits of laughter.

Of course I don't *in the least* mind being laughed at. The only reason I deprecate it is that I think it a pity that my influence for good should be retarded by so trivial a cause. Another thing has turned out differently from what I had expected. I resolved to be perfectly candid with the girls, and explain to them how I was putting into practice the glorious and hitherto only theoretic principle of absolute equality, and I thought I would begin by begging them not to address me as 'lydy;' but when I came to consider the matter it struck me that they did not do so—in fact, I don't think they have called

me anything but 'the new pal.' I decided nevertheless to ask them not to call me 'lydy,' so that they might understand at once the sort of terms I wished to be on with them.

But all they said was: 'Oh, reelly now! That's awful condescendin' of yer! We ynt ter call yer lydy, ynt we? Well, that's funny, cos yer see we wasn't a-goin' to. I sy, 'Liza, new pal sys as we ynt ter call 'er lydy. Don't yer forget now, and yer m'y as well recollect sy me toime as I ynt 'Er Majisty, and Myry Jyne ynt got ter be called Ryle 'Ighness. We're all good ole Radercals, we are. We don't want no toitles, do us, lydy? Oh, there! I've done it now. But never mind, I don't mean nothink'—and so on.

I am not *at all* annoyed by all this, because it simply shows the ignorance of the poor creatures, but I am a little *surprised*. I had thought—probably from hearing people say it so often—that blue blood was always recognised by the lower classes. But evidently that is a mistake.

It seems they don't even think me a lady. This, from one point of view, is *extremely* satisfactory, as the influence I shall exercise will be wholly that of mind over mind with no extraneous assistance. Still, I rather wish—but that is of little consequence.

May 15th.—I think I have heard or read somewhere that really great minds are usually free from that comparatively ordinary quality, a sense of humour. I don't know whether this is true, but it certainly is a fact that I entirely fail to appreciate the fun of the various practical jokes that the girls have taken to playing upon me. I suppose Aunt Albinia would say that *our* notions of humour differ from those of 'the masses.' Of course I do not allow that, but I must own I was annoyed rather than amused this evening, on returning from a little necessary shopping, to find one of the girls parading the pavement arrayed in my dressing-gown, and with my lavender salts in her hand, repeating in an absurd mincing voice: 'I ham honly a poor match-girl among match-girls. Mind yer don't call me lydy whatever yer do.'

I hope it was not a mere silly class feeling that made me shudder at the sight of this unkempt creature in my gown. But I thought it better to say nothing, and passed on. Then a big, strong girl shouted out: 'For shyne, Lizer! You just tyke off that gound this minute or I'll myke yer!' And there was a struggle and a good deal of shrill screaming, and then the tall girl—it was Mary Jane—came tramping upstairs after me with the dressing-gown, or what was left of it, hanging over her arm—

the salts bottle had been smashed—and she bounced into my room saying—

‘I’m for fair pl’y all round. And though yer m’y be a bit of a fool, Gearginer’ (I note down the poor, ignorant girl’s exact words), ‘yer don’t never show fight, nor let ‘em ‘ave it in pinchin’ or scratchin’, so they’ll just ‘ave ter let yer alone if they don’t want ter ‘ave ter stand up ter me.’

I thanked her, but was going on to give her my views upon the inconclusiveness of physical force in argument, when she interrupted me (rather rudely) with:

‘Look ‘ere!’—sitting on my table and swinging her feet. ‘D’yer know that next Monday’s Bank ‘Oliday?’

I said no, for indeed it had not occurred to me. Mary Jane looked at me with an expression that almost seemed to betoken (absurd as it seems) good-natured *contempt*. Then she said:

‘I thought yer didn’t. And it ain’t the honly thing by a long chalk as yer don’t know, I bet. Yer precious green, you are! About as green as they myke ‘em. Well, Monday’s Bank ‘Oliday, and yer ain’t got no one to walk with, I’ll be bound. ‘Ave yer now?’

Here was my opportunity at last. I perceived at once that this poor, uncouth girl felt that in my society there was somewhat that she could benefit by—an intangible, subtle something which probably she could not herself explain or account for, but which nevertheless made itself irresistibly *felt*, raising and refining her whole nature. I was following this train of thought in my mind when Mary Jane interrupted me by thumping the table (her manners certainly are susceptible of improvement), and calling out:

‘Now then! Look alive! And give me a civil answer. ‘Ave yer, or ‘aven’t yer, got hanyone ter walk with?’

I respected her eagerness to secure me, and replied at once:

‘No, Mary Jane; I am glad to say that I have no engagement for Monday, and therefore I shall be most happy to walk with you.’

Mary Jane stared hard at me for some seconds, and then exclaimed:

‘Walk with *me*! Oh law! I don’t want nobody to pl’y gooseberry along of me and Hallbert. And I ynt so mean as ter hask yer ter do that neither. No, look ‘ere, Gearginer, I’m willin’ ter do yer a good turn, and, if yer ynt got anyone, there’s my brother, a very respectable young man at the gasworks as ‘ave

broke off with 'is sweet'eart, a young lydy in the silk-weaving tryde over in Spitalfields. And so I said a word for you, and 'e's very willin'. So there!' and she thumped the table again and looked at me with a good-natured smile.

I must confess that for a moment my brain was reeling with horror and dismay. What *did* the girl mean? Surely not—No! Impossible! Incredible! Preposterous! No, it could not be *that*. She must intend to propose a kind of itinerant class; one of those improving excursions when the masses—I mean the people—are taken over notable buildings, the colleges at Oxford, and so on. She wants me to humanise her brother before herself. Unselfish creature! I must not be churlish. Yet—I should be glad to be *quite* sure. I did try to get Mary Jane to be a little more explicit, but she jumped down from the table and went off in her abrupt way, calling out:

'Well, then, I'll call for yer Monday morning—ten o'clock sharp. And yer might myke yerself a bit smarter. There's plenty of stylish hostridge feathers to be 'ired for the d'y, and gounds too, at Isaac's round the corner.'

I wish I did not feel so disturbed and put out. It is my aim always to maintain a philosophic calm, and as a rule I despise those who are easily irritated by trifles. I must make an effort to recall the feelings that glowed within me when I first entered upon the career of my choice. This incident is of course simply the legitimate outcome of my hitherto seemingly ineffectual efforts to impress my personality upon my surroundings. Should I not rejoice that one fellow-human has felt my refining influence and wishes to extend it to those dear to her? I will *not* waste a thought upon the odious and outrageous suggestion that somehow flashed into my mind just now. It would be too ridiculous to be uneasy on such a point. I will finish my volume of Herbert Spencer and then go to bed. As to-morrow is Sunday I shall have plenty of time for noting down a few heads for discussion with my pupil on Monday. I think I shall take him to the British Museum. I have often wished to utilise those lectures I composed on the Inauthenticity of the Assyrian Inscriptions, which Aunt Albinia never would let me deliver to a class. An intelligent artisan will be a much more interesting auditor than the mawkish young ladies who were all I then dared to try for.

Now for my reading. I am glad I sent for my *chaise longue*, though Aunt Albinia did find it out and write so disagreeably. Little does she know of the physical strain which the proper as-

simulation of an argument costs a thoughtful intellect, or she would not have made those feeble and shallow remarks about forty winks.

May 20th.—St. Faith's Mission House.

As I am *absolutely* resolved that no eye but my own shall ever peruse these pages, I shall just jot down a brief record of the circumstances which have led to my abandoning the career of a match-girl among match-girls, and coming here for a short stay with Margaret Ainsworth.

I have always deprecated the use of exaggerated modes of expression in connection with any subject whatsoever, and I shall therefore simply note here my deliberate conviction that of all sentient beings, match-girls and their relations are the most entirely loathsome and abominable. How Margaret can endure to spend so much of her time with such people I cannot conceive. She said something about its making a difference that she did not go among them as anything other than just *herself*, but I consider that an absurd and illogical explanation.

It is curious how one's views become modified by actual contact with the working out of theories which have hitherto seemed wholly right and admirable. Bank holidays, for instance, how highly I once approved of them, only regretting that their scope could not be largely extended! I recollect several lively skirmishes with Aunt Albinia on the subject. I trust I am not wanting in candour, and thus I do not mind admitting that my ripened judgment pronounces the whole system of holidays for the masses to be a hideous mistake.

Let me recall the events of Whit Monday. I was up betimes, preparing my notes on the Assyrian inscriptions and arranging them in a form to suit the itinerant lecture that I proposed to give. It had occurred to me as not improbable that Mary Jane's brother might bring some of his fellow-artisans with him, and I therefore threw in a few allusions to labour problems, Employers' Liability, and kindred topics. It was a little difficult to weave them into the original subject, and I was still sitting at my desk when Mary Jane came pounding up the stairs shouting out some lines—from a music-hall song I should think—about somebody who was always 'lyte' and made her sweetheart 'wyte.' I was reflecting whether I should seize that opportunity for criticising her taste in songs when she bounced in, came up behind me, and actually pulled my hat off my head, saying—

'There, now! I knowed 'ow it would be. You was a-goin' to

walk with my brother on Bank 'Oliday with nothink better than this old dowdy tile stuck atop of yer 'ead. Well, it's lucky as I tykes a bit of a hintrest in yer, or the chaps 'ud be calling after 'im in the streets to know if 'twas Cleopatry's Needle, or somethink of that, 'e was tykin' out walkin'. There! That's more like it!' And she stuck into the ribbon of my sailor hat two large ostrich feathers that possibly had once been white.

I begged her to take them out, but she only said, 'Don't yer be ongryteful now! I'm a-doin' it hall fer yer good. Yer'll never get on if yer goes about with such a figger. Why, the gals s'y as yer might as well be a funeral or a tombstone at once, and I ynt a-goin' to 'ave my brother laughed at—that I ynt!'

Then she leaned over me as if to fasten the hat on again, and before I knew what she was about she had whipped out a pair of scissors and cut my hair short right across the front. Now, if there is one thing more than another that I have always been absolutely firm about, it has been in standing out against wearing a fringe. *Not* because I thought it would be unbecoming, as Evelyn once hinted, *or* because I was too lazy to like the trouble of keeping one in order, which was Aunt Albinia's characteristically puerile view of the matter, but simply because I did not choose to be a slavish follower of a silly custom; and, besides, it seemed a rather effective way of emphasising my 'aloofness' from other girls. Therefore I was extremely annoyed and irritated with Mary Jane, and half inclined to give up the expedition altogether, but then I should lose the opportunity of addressing an intelligent artisan audience. So, all things considered, I allowed her to pin my hat on again and then take my arm and drag me off.

I must own that my thoughts were running upon the various labour problems I intended to discuss, and I paid little attention to Mary Jane's chatter as we descended the numerous flights of stairs. But at length one sentence startled me.

'I've been a-tellin' 'Arry as yer ynt much ter look at, nor pertikler bright, but 'e said 'e'd put hup with that. 'E'd 'ad enough o' igh jinks with 'Arriet, and if yer was quiet and respectable you'd suit.'

Quiet and respectable! Just as if I were a maid-servant! which, of course, from one point of view is eminently satisfactory, and just what I wish. Still I think I prefer formulating that kind of social theory myself to having it done for me. I wonder why. The above reflection occurs to me as I write, and I jot it

down ; but, at the moment of Mary Jane's speaking, all calm consideration was chased away by the recurrence, more strongly than before, of the horrible suspicion that after all she *must* mean. I clutched her arm, demanding, 'You say I should *suit*. What for?'

But she only burst into a rude laugh, and replied : ' I sha'n't s'y it if yer don't be'yve yerself fit for the persition. So look out, and come along,' and she dragged me out of the street door. 'The pore chaps will be off with some one else if we don't look sharp,' she said as we reached the pavement. 'There they h'are! Hi! hi! Hallbert! 'Arry! Don't yer be off—we're comin'!' And she went on screaming at the top of her voice to a couple of young men at the corner of the street.

I suppose desperation gave me strength, for I did succeed in stopping her for a moment just before we reached them. I said she must explain at once what all this meant. I was quite willing to give a lecture to her friends, but——

There she interrupted me in the rudest way. 'Oh, 'ang leckchers! I wouldn't *begin* with them if I was you. Myke yerself a bit pleasant fust, any'ow, or 'Arry won't stand it, and I don't know as I could find hany hother young man ter keep company with yer.'

Horror of horrors! It really was so then! *That* was what she had meant all the time. What a perfectly awful predicament to be in. And no way of escape, for the two young men, in obedience to Mary Jane's yells, were advancing upon us. What on earth was I to do? To think of that idiot of a girl not instinctively realising the *utter madness* of such a notion! *Of course* she ought to have *felt* that my rank was—not that ranks signify in the least—but still——

I tried to wither her by a look of stony surprise, but she was busy putting up a very dirty white parasol with a great piece of torn lace hanging from it. Up came the young men—harmless creatures, no doubt, in their own sphere, but hideous vulgarians when you come to think of being supposed to be on an *equality* with them. (Shallow thinkers like Aunt Albinia might accuse me of inconsistency here. How little they can follow the windings of a really comprehensive mind!) Both wore large watch-chains and their hats on the backs of their heads. One of them immediately thrust his arm *through* Mary Jane's and then stood staring at me, while she remarked to the other, with a jerk of her thumb in my direction :

'That's 'er, 'Arry.'

'Morning, miss! pleased to see yer,' said the creature to me in an odiously familiar tone. Feeling as if in a horrible dream, I contrived to give a kind of bow, and heard Mr. Hallbert whisper to Mary Jane :

'Goes in fer the 'aughty line, does she? Ain't good-looking enough fer that.'

'Well, let's be h'off,' said Mary Jane. ' 'Arry, you lead the wy, and we hold folks'll come be'ind and keep an heye on yer as yer don't talk too much. Looks likely, don't it? '

This remark was received by Mr. Hallbert with a shout of impertinent laughter, which completely drowned the attempt I made to say that I must give up the expedition. I felt quite dazed. All my usual quick resourcefulness seemed paralysed and totally ineffectual to extricate me from this frightful position. And the end of it was that I found myself actually 'walking with' (as the maids call it) a young working man. I tried in vain to recall all the sustaining animation of the Enthusiasm of Humanity, which I do think ought to have helped me at this pinch, but it didn't—not an atom. To do him justice, the unfortunate wretch seemed at first very quiet and subdued. In fact, I believe he was almost as uncomfortable as I was, especially when Mary Jane *would* shout out from behind :

'Now then, don't be shy, you two!'

We walked along in dreary silence until it occurred to me that at home, at Oakington, when we used to meet bucolic pairs 'keeping company' on Sunday afternoons we noticed that they always maintained a dead silence. So I was afraid my companion might fancy that I was merely conforming to that code of manners, and I resolved to make a little conversation on as high a level as possible. I asked him if he had been to the British Museum lately, but he only muttered something surly about 'bloomin' museums'; and when I added that the Assyrian inscriptions teemed with interest, he said, 'Syrians be blowed!' and was evidently in a very bad humour.

It appeared that we were bound for the Exhibition at Earl's Court. Such a place to choose to go to on Bank Holiday! Of course, it would be crowded with *bourgeois* and worse. I was going to point this out to my companions when it occurred to me that they *were* Bank Holiday people, and, in fact, that *I* was one myself. This indeed was the kind of thing I had originally intended, but——. I fancy my mind must be unusually flexible as

well as large and comprehensive, for I find myself so constantly seeing things from varied points of view—a *very* different thing (as I should like to explain to Aunt Albinia) from *changing one's mind*, which I *never* do.

Presently we stopped for 'refreshments' of a most unrefreshing character at a small and very uninviting eating-house, which was crammed with vulgar, rough people. And while there I overheard 'Arry saying angrily to his sister that 'the gals was right, 'twas just like walking with a tombstone, and a precious ugly one, too' (meaning *me*); to which that idiot Mary Jane must needs reply:

'Oh, gammon! She's only shy. And yer said yer wanted a quiet one. Just 'liven 'er hup a bit and she'll be hall right.'

Whereupon we all bundled into a frightfully crowded omnibus, where a great deal of vulgar romping was going on, in which it was expected that Mary Jane and I should join. Of course it was all very well for *her*, but really—how they could think that it was suitable for *me*! And it was of no use for me to look stony, for that horrible 'Arry, acting upon his sister's advice, and having fortified himself with two or three glasses of beer, began to behave in the most frightfully familiar way—exactly as if I were in his own rank of life!

Part of our programme for the day was, I found, a short walk in the Park 'to 'ave a look at the swells,' and when we dismounted for that purpose the wretch put his arm round my waist, and we entered the Park so! I had thought before that humiliation could go no further, but when I found myself in these familiar scenes, and thought of the possibility of being recognised by some old acquaintance, I felt that there were lower depths still, and every probability of my falling into them. After all, was the principle of Equality worth all this? Undoubtedly I still maintain it in theory, and nothing shall ever make me own to Aunt Albinia that my undertaking was a *fiasco*, but still—

My thoughts were interrupted by a romping tussle between Mary Jane and her companion, culminating in the falling off of her hat (a huge and awful concoction of purple velvet trimmed with pink ostrich feathers and trails of dirty yellow roses), which Mr. Hallbert immediately snatched up and facetiously put on his own head amid her loud laughter and protestations. We were all standing at the edge of the drive where a few carriages had just been stopped to allow a senseless, noisy procession of Socialists to cross, and at that moment a well-known, clear, emphatic voice fell on my ear—

'I was afraid it would be like this. Simmonds told me it was Bank Holiday, when it is always so disagreeable to go anywhere, but the Duchess was determined to hold her committee meeting.'

I looked up, and there was Aunt Albinia with Lady Fosbrooke, sitting in the carriage, so near that I could have touched her. Was ever anything so perfectly dreadful? I could not move, for the crowd was pressing behind us, and I could only hope with a quite frantic violence that the carriage would move on before she had seen me. Oh, those Socialists, with their idiotic flags and nonsensical mottoes! would they *never* pass? Lady Albinia was watching them contemptuously and making her usual sarcastic remarks, which I always used to consider it my duty to contradict. Somehow they seemed more reasonable to-day.

The moments dragged slowly past, and so did the Socialists, and I began to hope that I should escape unseen, when that miserable toad, Mary Jane, must needs call out at the top of her voice—

'Gearginer! I s'y Gearginer! lend a 'and 'ere with my back 'air!'

Lady Albinia turned her gaze with languid disgust towards us—her eyes fell on me—at first without recognition—then a look of horrified doubt came into them—then a shocked certainty. She stared with all her terrible keen sternness, and half started forward, half exclaimed.

What a group it was she was looking at! There was I with my hair hanging in a jagged tangle over my eyes, and the two dingy feathers trailing from my hat—a commonplace, vulgar young artisan had his arm round my waist; and close by stood Hallbert with the flowery hat, and that odious Mary Jane with nothing on her head, considering the moment and environment suitable for rearranging her *chevelure*, while she talked loudly with her mouth full of hairpins.

And this was the way I impressed my personality on the masses and raised them to my level!

I saw Aunt-Albinia's lips form the ejaculation 'Good heavens!' but she had the presence of mind to avoid drawing Lady Fosbrooke's attention towards me. And just then a final climax was put to my agony. 'Arry suddenly took it into his head to remark casually—

'Now then, Gearginer, my dear, give us a kiss while we're wytin'.'

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How I got away I don't know. I have a confused remembrance of pushing back through the crowd, and then flying for my life—not resting till I found myself breathless and panting inside an omnibus going along Piccadilly. I made my way straight to St. Faith's, for never, *never* again will I go near that awful match-making place as long as I live.

Margaret Ainsworth was very kind, I must say, taking me in at a moment's notice, and allowing me to stay on until I have collected my ideas and arranged my plans. I rather think I shall go and join the Fennings at Lausanne. I should not care to return to Aunt Albinia just yet (though she has written to Margaret about me), and it would really be an excellent thing for those Fenning girls to have me at hand to prevent their becoming mere fashionable idlers.

I fancy Margaret Ainsworth finds her life here more amusing than one would have expected. At least she seems to laugh a great deal, although nothing that I talk to her about is in the least funny. By-the-by, she does not agree with me on the subject of never changing one's mind. She says she often does it, and cannot see how one is to improve otherwise, or rectify mistakes. She professes also to have her doubts as to the immense intrinsic value to be ascribed to consistency.

Of course that is all very well for *her*, with her unfixed opinions and chaotic ideas; and it amuses me to find Margaret Ainsworth, of all people, setting up to be a thinker!

I could argue it out and convince her in ten minutes, if it were worth my while, but I really feel so annoyed and disgusted with the way things have turned out lately that I have hardly spirit for discussion, though of course my opinions and views remain *totally unchanged*.

C. O. TISWOLDE.

Perplexing Manifestations : And That Last Sunday.

ONE I know once said to me :

‘That awful time when I was at death’s door, in great suffering as well as in terrible weakness, I used to be wheeled in, lying on a sofa, unable to walk or stand, to another room for an hour or two in the miserable day. The windows looked due south, and the March days were lengthening. Once, as I was being moved, the kind Nurse said, Look at the bright sunshine through those windows : it is cheerful. But I replied, No, not now. Wait till I am a little better. I don’t want to look at the sunshine now.

‘It was, I now see, very unreasonable. But the fact was so. This came in the working of the mind. It must be natural to man : for it was natural to me. And I am a commonplace being. The time was awfully sad ; and I was in the depths. I can never be lower.

‘I had used to think a famous Scottish song silly, a mere burst of bogus expression, when it made a stricken man (a young man indeed, which makes a difference) declare that he wished nature would get as soon as convenient down into the winter cold, storms, and dead look of things. I do not know whether a sufferer really wrote the lines, or whether they were the outcome of a happy (which here means an unhappy) guess. All I say is that now I am sure that there have been poor mortals whose desire would have been even such.

‘For myself, I never reasoned at all. Just on the instant it burst out : *I can’t look at the sunshine to-day.* And I saw somebody look startled, as though suddenly discovering that everything was given up. Indeed I had let go. Everything I used to care about, one only excepted, had ceased to be. I did not remember what my profession or vocation was. I did not know where I was. The whole world had shrunk to the little room where I suffered.’

These words thus spoken impressed me. I have no one now whom I can ask if this is a common or normal manifestation of mind. I mean, if this is the regular thing. I read in a friendly review to-day, that 'the great reading public is the most intimate friend I have in all this world.' And indeed it is the only very intimate friend I have now, at all. At least, I can tell it things never breathed to any one else. And so doing, I count on a sympathy which I do not expect elsewhere.

I know of an unexpected manifestation which frightened me, somewhat, when I was first told of it.

A revival preacher, an uneducated layman, of not great intelligence but of great simplicity and sincerity, was conducting a mission service (if that be the phrase) on a weekday evening. It was in a country village; but I will not indicate where. Then, having given his little address, in which he threatened extreme physical torture for an indefinite period to all such as would not be guided by him, he announced an 'after-meeting': at which those who were in deep concern as to what might be awaiting them would have opportunity to speak to him and receive counsel if not comfort. The first person who walked in was Mr. Froude. The incident seemed curious to such in the outer world as heard of it. Not to me. No living man was more seriously anxious for guidance: but of course it had to be guidance from one entitled to guide. Often has that most eminent man said to me, 'Talk of the right of private judgment! I claim no such right. It is the *duty* of private judgment which weighs heavily upon me. If I could conscientiously put my belief and conduct in other hands, I should be thankful to do so.' Many times has he said that it is a very serious thing to be drawing near to what is beyond this life, knowing so little of what may be waiting there. But we cannot allow any mortal to dictate to us what we are to think or do, unless we are perfectly sure he is qualified and accredited so to do. And we shall not take his own word for that. Specially if it is plainly untrue.

No doubt it would be a great lightening of the burden which weighs upon poor humanity, if the Pope were infallible. Likewise if the Lord Chancellor were so: and the House of Commons, and every Police Magistrate, and the German Emperor. But then it is too plain that they are not. We cannot do exactly what we are ordered to do, by men who are manifestly just as stupid and ignorant as we are ourselves. And Dean Stanley found the Pope even stupider than educated men in general.

That poor revival preacher had a firm faith in what had been told him : but he could give no reason for it. For the admitted fact that somebody had told him is no reason. When a dear friend once told me that he had come to think that (say) two and two make four because Mr. Carlyle had come to think so, I could but reply that though the conclusion was probably right, the reason for it was certainly wrong. It need not be said that the revival preacher had no chance at all with his visitor. Possibly the preacher was shaken by that interview. Certainly no light came to his illustrious disciple. Yet the disciple did not enter in with the view of bewildering a worthy but stupid man. He went in, not in the strong hope of getting light, but on the off chance of it. He would listen to a sermon, preached by any one whom he did not esteem an idiot : because it is always profoundly interesting to see how the greatest things are regarded by any sincere man ; and because it was just possible that help might come of hearing him. And he held that nobody should pretend to instruct his fellow-pilgrims who was himself only groping his way. At the least, his mind ought to be (for the time) made up. Further, he should have very carefully considered what he was to say.

Yes, even to the smallest congregation, on the stormiest day. What was felt as a severe rebuke came to a preacher who in after time was a modestly-respectable Principal and Professor of Divinity. He told the story to a friend. He went to preach at evening service in a little remote chapel among the hills in Scotland. Service over, he walked away some miles towards the quiet manse where he was staying, in company with a homely Elder, a labouring man. He said to the Elder that seeing few people were present, he had not given a sermon, but merely made a few remarks which occurred at the time. 'That was weel seen, sir,' said the shrewd old working-man.

I knew a man of just ninety years above fourteen years ago (as St. Paul once remarked), who liked to speak of the long past. I liked to listen to him.

The Forfarshire lairds of that remote day were wont to go weekly to great Dundee, not so great then : to dine early but too well, and ride away home, not in every case very fit for the saddle. The road ran eastward for some miles on a height above the Tay : a steep grassy slope down to the Firth. One of the old gentlemen (they were gentlemen) rolled off his horse, and rolled away down the declivity. The water at the edge was only a few inches deep at that season of the tide : and there he lay. By and by,

some one remarked that the laird's saddle was empty, though his horse was trotting on with the others. So the party turned back, looking for the missing man, and exclaiming 'Faar are ye, Balnawiggin? Faar are ye?' At length a voice was heard, coming from far below. 'The Lord knows faar I am. But I canna be in Hell, for here's watter!'

It was touching, Balnawiggin's tacit confession what place it was where it might be judged he ought to be.

In that same region a quaint old parson ruled with a high hand (impossible now) in his parish. Only recently was he taken, at a very advanced age. He had a kind sympathy with his Sovereign, grown old like himself. In Scotland, the Sovereign is prayed for in church in words chosen at the discretion of the officiating minister. That ancient priest was wont to say, every Sunday, 'Lord, have mercy on the Queen. And now that she has become an old woman, make her a new man.' I may venture to say that the individual interested in that very sincere petition thought it an extremely good one. It was better by far than when a bewildered youth, who had wholly forgotten the terms in which he was to utter the national prayers, after having named the Sovereign, stood a space in awful silence, the congregation all gaping: then in desperation burst forth, 'May she not be a wicked woman!' There was a quite different kind of Queen, for whom in certain kirks the prayers were once omitted. The Elders waited on the minister, and said that all the congregation desired that the unhappy person in question might be prayed for. And indeed it is inconceivable that any one who could pray for her husband should have had any difficulty in praying for any human being whatsoever. 'Oh yes,' replied the minister: 'I'll pray for the Queen, if you wish it.' Accordingly, on the next Sunday, the expectant flock listened to if they did not quite join in the remarkable words: 'Lord, have mercy on the Queen. Pawrdon her numerous and highly-awggravated senns.' Not quite such was the petition waited for.

But strange, indeed, are the uses to which public prayer may be turned, in a country where it is absolutely 'free.' A friend of mine, a very genial and kindly country parson in the West, was sitting one day in his study when to him entered a stranger, a man of homely aspect. 'I cam to tell ye that my grandmither's deid. She gaed oot o' the pairish thirty year syne, and she deed in Gleska, but we're bringin' her back to be buried here on Saturday, an' we want ye to do the service.' 'Certainly,' said

my friend; and made some sympathetic inquiries. Then the visitor went on: 'Maist o' her auld freens will be deid: but we wad like if ye wad jist let the people ken by yer prayer on Sabbath that my grandmither's deid, and that we brocht her back and buried her in the auld bit.' Some readers, brought up on the Book of Common Prayer, may fancy that the thing asked for could not have been done. Let me assure such, it could have been done quite easily. Yes, and without shocking any devout person of the age preceding the Church Service Society. But that parson was of the recent generation: and, greatly to his good visitor's mortification, he declined to put the aged pilgrim's history about the parish through words professedly addressed to the Hearer of prayer. I have heard an entire biography, of most complimentary character, given in a 'prayer' at a funeral: special mention being made of 'the exceeding meekness' which characterised the truly-good man whose career was thus sketched. These ears heard that discourse. And I remember well how, after it was concluded, an old gentleman who had grown somewhat deaf, stated he was struck by the fact that due thanks were rendered for 'the exceeding neatness' with which all the work had been done which was now ended. Those were the days in which, as a youth, one was wont to correct stupid blunders. One knows better now. And cares less.

The usual legends which reach English folk concerning the odd prayers of Scotland are almost always inventions. Forty-nine of every fifty prayers are wonderfully good. For there is a floating traditional liturgy: sometimes very beautiful. But, no doubt, one has heard odd things. I have myself heard a fine old man say, 'In all our troubles, teach us to comfort ourselves with the following precious promise:' and then he quoted some apposite text of scripture. 'But grant that we may ever bear in mind the following serious warning:' which he proceeded to give. Even to myself, it looks all but incredible as I write it. But, as a schoolboy, I remember, vividly, in prayer in church: 'Keep us ever in mind that the wicked is snared in the work of his own hands. Higgaion. Selah.'

On a bright day in May 1860, I went to afternoon service at St. James's Church in Piccadilly, and heard Bishop Wilberforce of Oxford preach. There was a great crowd. The sermon was interesting, but odd. It was written out, in that rotund style which Sir Walter called 'the big bow-wow manner:' and it was read in a fashion becoming that distinguished style. But every

now and then, the great Bishop turned quite away from his manuscript, and said a few sentences, quite extempore, which were incomparably more incisive and better remembered than his written material. The two ways agreed not together: and one thought it had been better that the sermon had either been wholly extemporised or wholly read. Better than anything else, I remember the Bishop saying that the morning offertory for the charity he was preaching for had been only some modest number of pounds: I forget what: perhaps eighteen. 'Eighteen pounds from this wealthy congregation: such things ought not so to be.' Quite lately, the preacher in a church known to me said, 'Your collection for the Borioboola mission was 13*l.* 15*s.* 13*l.* 15*s.*!' The sum was frequently cast in the congregation's face. Possibly the people deserved it: but they liked it not. Yet, capriciously as these things come, there comes to me over unimaginable years the rebuke of a homely Scotch minister to his well-to-do flock. 'Your Collection for the Flannel-Waistcoat Mission was deplorable. It indicated either an amount of avareece, or a want of liberalitee, which it is not less difficult to believe, than penful to contemplate.' Antithetic in all things: also alliterative. I remember, 'May their prayers be frequent, fervent: social, secret.'

In those Scotch Kirks in which the service is rendered in a way to be endured by educated folk, the Creed is now said: the congregation standing on their feet and joining in it. In many cases, after the closing amen, the words are added: 'Lord, increase our faith.' The brief supplication is very needful, in these days. Once, when I was staying with Hugh Pearson, Canon of Windsor, that best of men went up to London to officiate at a Christening. The godfather was Lord Selborne, the Lord Chancellor of stainless record: extremely unlike certain who have sat on the woolsack and in what Lord Campbell called 'the marble chair.' When Pearson came back, he spoke with great feeling of the resolute tone in which Lord Selborne made profession of his faith, saying 'All this I stedfastly believe.' Yes, H. P., himself a firm believer, added, 'I envied that great man his simple faith!' But, in a minute, in that free talk which is real life, he had glanced aside to speak of a deaf sponsor, who, being asked if he believed the doctrines of the Apostles' Creed, said, with deep feeling, 'I renounce them all!' I know not, however, that I ever heard of a confession of the heart's assurance which seemed more real than that of a very homely man in Dublin, thirty years ago. I never have ventured to record it till

to-day. A poor fellow was run over on the street, and terribly hurt. Two poor friends carried him into an hospital, hard by. He was laid on a bed, and a kind and skilful surgeon examined him. Then, turning to those who had borne him in, said, quietly, 'Ah, your poor friend is dead.' Whereupon one of them solemnly uncovered his head, and said, simply, 'God is good!' Thus did he indicate the humble hope in which he parted from one whose life had not been saintly. But the other expressed his child-like trust in the All-merciful in words warmer still. He, too, took off his ragged cap; and said, firmly as Lord Selborne himself, 'Devil a Better!'

It was an odd way in which to declare a conviction which would have been very welcome to the loved Apostle John. Be my soul with that ragged rough from the street, rather than with brutal preachers of nearly-universal damnation whom I should like to name.

Yet, within one's personal knowledge, preachers who did not quite set that forth, yet contrived to irritate their unhappy flocks in a sad degree. One old-fashioned divine of my early youth preached every Sunday upon *The Broken Covenant*. At length the long-suffering parishioners could stand it no longer, and a deputation was organised to visit the Manse. The deputation informed the minister that they were extremely weary of hearing continually of *The Broken Covenant*, and that there was a general desire to have at least one new sermon. 'You shall have it,' said the worthy minister, in conciliatory strain: 'you shall have a perfectly new sermon next Sunday.' Accordingly, the church was fuller than usual: and a thrill of satisfaction ran round when the text was announced in these words: 'And the cup was found in Benjamin's sack.' 'Let me tell you, my friends,' said the preacher, 'the day is coming when all your sacks will be rypit. And what, think you, will be found in them? Yes, what will be found in them? Again I ask you, what will be found in them? The first thing found in them will be *The Broken Covenant*; on which I will now proceed to speak at great length.' Thus was hope dashed to the ground, and the congregation fell back into the estate of utter misery in which they had listened to that dismal orator on many past days. Well I remember how a kind old lady, daughter of a departed Chief Justice, said to me, 'When I was a girl, there were seven daughters of us: and we were marched to that terrible kirk every Sunday, forenoon and afternoon. The idea of ever being in the least degree interested in

the sermon, or in any other part of the service, never once entered our head. It was just a miserable penance we had to go through.' And how these dismal old mortals who never kept up the attention of a single soul in their deplorable refrigerated sanctuaries hated preachers to whom the congregation eagerly listened! I knew some of them when I was a little boy, and heard them talk of men who could preach with a frank malice which would not have been shown had they been aware that I understood their state of feeling just as well then as I do to-day. Patronage, in Scotland, worked vilely. It caused all the secessions from the National Church. I do not in the least degree wonder that people would not submit to it. The dull, wooden objects that I have known stuck at an early age into the enjoyment of good livings and the neglect of important congregations! But the detailed history of that day will never be written, forasmuch as no educated folk would now take the trouble of reading it. So the wooden beings, long since removed from their spheres of uselessness, are safe from a late retribution.

Few things impressed one more, as a boy, than the singular notion the wooden theologians departed had of what was a joke: and an incisive saying. The word was generally pronounced as though spelled *insissive*. 'Did you hear,' said one of them to myself, being a youthful parson, 'of the tremendous hit that Doctor Bahoo gave to Holofernes MacPusher? He said to Holofernes, Are not you the minister of St. Silas Fixings? Yes. And your brother of St. Ananias? Yes. And your father of St. Sapphira? Yes. And your uncle of Glenstaggers? Yes. And your cousin of Benstodgie? Yes. Then Dr. Bahoo proceeded. I hope you may have as many friends in the Church above, as you have in the Church below. It was very cutting, and wonderfully witty.' Then my informant uttered a loud guffaw: repeatedly exclaiming Ha! Ha! or words to that effect. I listened in silence: but sought to put on an expression of due appreciation of a humorous sally. For if I had uttered my real feeling, which was that here was a very kind and good wish for Holofernes, but that I could not for my life see anything either jocular or cutting in the words used, I should have made an assured enemy.

I have occasionally remarked that there is one strong objection to keeping a diary. This does not mean that I think the balance of reason is against that custom, which is so marked a feature in many lives. Just the other way. One's own life would have been nothing: as Carlyle said to Froude of a conspicuous

man, 'absolutely nothing : ' but for that pathetic history of all one cares for which was begun at the age of fifteen, and has been kept up till now. But the drawback is this : There is no mirage. No softening glory gathers about the long past : any more than about this present common day. You see the departed day just what it was : no better. You read the lines written at the time : and the old life arises. You find, in that uncompromising record, that life was just as gritty, as anxious, as prosaic, as full of petty worries, as it is to-day. Whatever the world may have had, you never have had a Golden Age. No man with a good memory, who keeps a truthful diary, would wish to live over again any part of his past life : I mean any part extending to weeks. There may have been the Delectable Day. One thinks of Wordsworth's Matthew : and of ' A day like this which I have left, Full thirty years behind.' Such a day is, sometimes, very strange and touching.

All this is strongly impressed, in this minute, upon the writer of this page. I have read quietly, and by myself, a full history of this day thirty-seven years. And I must recall it : hoping that only sympathetic readers will go on. For there are odd souls about, who do not understand. Once, near forty years since, I said on the familiar page of *Fraser*, that an essayist's style might be regarded as having attained its due freedom, when he was able, in writing on any subject, to say whatsoever might occur to him on any other subject. I had not fancied that any one, out of Bedlam, could have dreamt that I seriously meant this. But the day came, it came after more than Matthew's years, when I, old and grey, was severely taken to task for that youthful outburst ; and had it proved to me, by irresistible argument, that here was a method of composition not to be commended. The red roses of Irongray were in view as I wrote the words : and all above and around spread the marvellously-still air of the true country, not even a village within miles. In that distant age, the rural policeman was wont to call at intervals ; and one signed his book, adding any remark which appeared apposite. I noted with interest that a considerable farmer, near, always added to his respectable name, the words ' All quiet.' And indeed it usually was so. A disturbing element was sometimes introduced by poor humanity. In the loveliest and calmest of summer evenings I was walking down a narrow glen, beautifully wooded : the red after-glow at its end. A rough youth stood on the slope on one side of the glen, and was calling aloud to his fair young sister on the slope opposite. She stood, in that vesper light, under a graceful group of three

wide-spreading oaks. She was a pretty girl : possibly sometimes provoking. The precise words wafted on the balmy air of the June twilight were these : ' Damn you ! ' I hear them, over more than forty years. They struck a youth as inconsistent with the surroundings. It was the only time I ever heard, in Arcady, the homely anathema conveyed so publicly. He was quite a decent fellow who was misled into uttering it. But the beloved old Autocrat used to maintain that deep in the devoutest soul there is hidden the capacity, under overwhelming provocation, of bursting forth into the fateful word. Indeed a divine, of great eminence, confided to me that under extreme pressure, he had sworn frequently : he could not have lived without that safety-valve. But no offence was given. For he did it either ' under his breath,' or else in Gaelic. Another such man told me that when subjected to irresistible temptation, he was wont to cross himself. A good many, north of the Tweed, would hold that the worse thing.

That day which is once more vividly present, was Sunday April 10, 1859. It was a very strange and trying day in the history of one little household. The Spring had come early : and great geans, wild cherry-trees, were like great angels in their clouds of soft and fragrant whiteness. These stood in a field, close to the modest dwelling : following Goldsmith, I was to have written modest mansion : but it rushes upon me how an immensely-rich man, recently rich, informed me at that distant epoch that a manse could not be called a mansion. I had not thought of calling it by the name : and I am sure my acquaintance had never heard of the *Deserted Village*. Four aged damsons in the little garden were in glory too. It was a miracle of beauty to look at, the peaceful place, on that day when I had to say Farewell. Not one of my predecessors in the charge of that rural parish had ever left it for another, since the Reformation. One of them was wont to call it *The Land of Goshen*. The day before, a friend came for me : ah, had he come to abide in that region four years sooner, it had been much for one solitary soul ! We walked away : and only two miles off, we climbed a great bare hill, strange in that wooded country : where the highlands of Galloway sunk down upon beautiful Nithsdale. The day was memorable, otherwise : for it had brought a pleasant letter from young John Parker, Froude's dear friend and mine, then the very kindest of all Editors, that an essay in *Fraser* for that April had been read aloud one evening just past by Helps to a party of friends staying at Vernon Hill. It was more than cheer

to a young and easily-discouraged Scottish parson. The view from that White Hill was magnificent: as we sat on its brow, there was a soft west wind: I hear, in this moment, certain things my friend (long-departed) told me. One felt a vague remorse that never, till my last Saturday, had I climbed a height so close to my door. It was the first and last time. But indeed I have looked upon a grander hill, whereof a true legend. A Scot, one of a party made up at an Alpine hotel, had climbed a famous peak: enthusiastic words were spoken of the magnificent view from it. A delightful old priest of the ancient faith, much-travelled, said with firmness: 'Yes, this is the most wonderful view I have ever seen, with a single exception. The only finer view known to me, is from the top of' no matter what: a hill in Central Scotland. The Scot spake no word. Yet he was smitten, sorely. *That hill belonged to him*: and he never had climbed it in his life. But he hurried away home, straight: and ascended it.

Sunday morning, this self-same day, was threatening; but the afternoon was beautiful. The house was in much confusion: we were to quit it next morning. Many kind rural folk came to bid two very little children goodbye: children never to return. The church was crowded as never before, in my time. It can hold 220: but 250 were present that day. As a big but vulgar preacher in a large town once said of his country brethren, generally much superior to himself, I 'thought it a large congregation.' Everything was kindly: was patriarchal. One was bewildered: thus are poor human beings tided over what is too much for them. The singing was, as it invariably was, incredibly bad. Those were the days in which one of my Divinity professors declared, *ex cathedrâ*, that 'anything like scientific music was quite unfit for public worship.' You were a good minister, if you were well content that the music in your Kirk should be bad. You were regarded with suspicion, if you really tried to have the music good. I cannot but testify that the worshippers in that beautifully-situated little sanctuary listened with the audible hush which indicates close attention: this was just as marked there as ever I have seen it in town. The text of that parting sermon needs not to be recorded: I remember it well. It was short, but wide: meant to gather up the sum of immemorial Sundays departed; all their instruction. But there were five concluding pages, not very easy to deliver. I have looked over them now: with intention thereafter to cast them into the fire: they had been preserved too long. The old time came back

at the forgotten words : the choking sense, as then. I could not burn them : that is left to be done by somebody else. Kindly Scots are undemonstrative. But I never forget the feeling which was shown by many on that day.

A long walk, that afternoon, where the blossoming trees were glorious : the great Forest Hill looking over : where the Covenanters had their Communion in a lofty spot whence they could watch the country far round : in case the brutal Lag or the devilish Dalyell should interrupt their worship with his host of Kurds. The contemptible blockhead, absolutely without heart, who was kicked-out at the Revolution, inflicted barbarities on godly folk who wished to worship in their own way which, allowing for change of time and place, were entirely worthy of Tiberius or of Nero : all this, absolutely without law. His doings were as illegal as they were atrocious. Four took that thoughtful walk together, of whom I only remain : beyond comparison the least deserving of that little party. Then I told a little child of four years, for the last time in that little room, a famous story which children used to prefer to call *The Fatted Calf*. One could not rest : so, as the light faded out, again we went forth among the white trees, now looking ghostlike : and across the Cluden into Dumfriesshire : for the last of times innumerable, thus together.

He who can 'tell why Heaven has made us as we are,' might explain how it is that amid a tide of pathetic remembrances one odd memory thrusts itself forward, and will not depart. In the beautiful city to which I went, thus leaving Goshen, there was among the clergy a most formidable humourist. His worst enemy never ventured to say he could preach. But, as the kindly horse-dealer, elate with good bargains for which divers had suffered, said to a long-vanished friend of mine, 'There's no a better-likit man in ony parish near. Yer own people jist adore ye. Wha cares aboot preachin?' A certain number of the parochial clergy, supposed to have been selected by the patrons on account of their unpopularity, were supported by a tax levied on a most unwilling people. The humourist told me that the wife of one of his brethren declared that her husband did not get a fair share of this plunder, forasmuch as he was a modest man, and could not push. The beneficiaries, she asserted, met at intervals to divide what had been wrung out. The money was placed on a table in the middle of the room : and the ministers sat round on chairs. Then the more impudent arose and *made a glaum at it* : and when the modest soul approached to get his

share, everything was gone. Though I am a Scot, I know not that I ever heard that phrase save when the humourist related the legend: but no one can fail to gather the meaning. 'It is putting the rest of us in a very unfavourable light,' he summed up; then gazed upon me, silently. Gradually, I came to know that the humourist did not quite like me. It was impossible he should. For I did not like him. He never entirely forgave me for saying that it was an awful blow to the Kirk, the going out of the great men who seceded in the terrible 1843; but that it was a much heavier blow to the Kirk, the coming in of those who were stuck into their places. No doubt what I said was absolutely true. But that did not make it pleasanter to the comers-in. And a youth fails to realise how bitter enemies are made by the like kindly criticisms.

I am aware, here, of a temptation to expatiate. Many things press upon one's mind, which must stand over indefinitely. And indeed certain of them could not be told. So at this point I arise, and gaze intently upon two pretty photographs, here in this room, which pleasantly represent my Kirk and manse of this time thirty-seven years. No kinder or worthier country parson will be found than my good successor in that sylvan parish who gave me these. There are the great trees: beeches at the manse, oaks at the church. There is the spot where Jeanie Deans sleeps. There is the road by which one used to walk down to the church: and many times, under that roof, this voice was lifted up in the hearing of a departed generation. The sermons of which that day heard the last numbered 377. The time was a few weeks more than five years. And the pleasantest of letters has come from what was once our Home, telling how things look there to-day. 'April in 1859 must have been even a more forward spring than this one: for the geans above the garden are not yet quite out in blossom, but they and the damson trees promise in a day or two to be quite covered with bridal white.' Yes, indeed: 'April's here!'

A. K. H. B.

A Boyar of the Terrible.

A ROMANCE OF THE COURT OF IVAN THE CRUEL,
FIRST TSAR OF RUSSIA.

BY FRED. WHISHAW,
AUTHOR OF 'OUT OF DOORS IN TSARLAND,' ETC.

CHAPTER I.

AN IMPERIAL FOOTPAD.

I, LIKE David, have been young, though now I am old; and before I go down to the grave I have a mind to set down some of my recollections of the curious relations that subsisted between myself and my master Ivan, the first Russian Cæsar, and I suppose the greatest Russian who has up to this time tasted God's air and walked this earth of His.

My dear master and friend has gone to the grave before me; but I thank the Almighty that before it pleased Him to take my sovereign to Himself, it seemed good to Him to reconcile us two, one to the other; for, alas! we had been, largely through my own action, as I freely acknowledge and admit, estranged for many years, and though I have many and many a time endeavoured to reinstate myself in my master's favour, yet until the last few years of his eventful life I never fully did so. Doubtless, I did not deserve his friendship. I repeat again and again that mine was the fault, for I offended against the Anointed of the Lord, and set my youthful will against that of my beloved friend and sovereign; and for this sin my severe but just master could never forgive me in my manhood, nor, indeed, till advancing age had softened both our hearts, and drawn together the spirits which had been so familiar in youth.

My master has been called cruel. It is said that he will be known to all time as *Ivan Grosnui*: the cruel, the terrible.

Knowing him as I knew him I must say this : that if ever one human body contained two distinct personalities ; or rather, it ever the good and the evil which co-exist in the person of every human being on this earth, were so divided in the individuality of one man that they gave to that man the appearance of being now wise and good as a god, and now cruel and wanton as a devil, the Tsar Ivan Vassilievitch was he. My master was distinctly two men in one. Who shall blame him ; who shall judge him ? Consider his boyhood, of which I shall presently give a picture—for was not I one of his chosen companions and playmates ?—fatherless from the age of three ; motherless from the age of eight years ; the deliberately neglected victim of those base men—Shuisky and Belsky and their following, the self-appointed Regents of the Empire : left by them, of their fiendish and interested cunning, to indulge his unbridled tempers and passions to the top of his bent, without warning or remonstrance, without advice or saving counsel, or even the bare classification of matters into the Right and the Wrong : what chance, I say, had this lad of growing up into a merciful and wise and clement prince, such as nature perhaps intended him to be ? I say that my dear master did not enjoy such opportunity, in his boyhood, of learning to distinguish vice from virtue, as is enjoyed at his ignorant mother's knee by the lowest serf-boy in the land. Shuisky was to blame, and Shuisky only. But before I enter upon a description of my youthful days and of my relations with my beloved young Tsar, let me say a word about myself, and explain who I am and why I am writing this record.

Well, I am Alexander Stroganof, a count and boyarin of the holy Russian Empire. My English friends, in after years, used to call me 'strong enough,' which words in the English language approach somewhat in sound to that of my name 'Stroganof,' and signify, in their tongue, 'possessing sufficient strength,' which, the English were wont to declare laughingly, was an appropriate title for me—and in truth I think it was, for I am, or was, strong enough to be too strong for most of my fellow-creatures with whom I have come at various times in contact.

As for my reason for setting down this record, it is enough to say that I can write without effort, being an educated man and travelled ; and that I am old and somewhat worn and depressed ; and that it comforts me to occupy myself with my pen ; and, furthermore, that I have much to tell, and wish to tell it before I go down to the grave.

My home is at Perm, beneath the Urals, near the great Kama river, and it was with my uncle, Simeón Stroganof, the renowned merchant, that I first came, as a boy, to Moscow: I to see the world, my older kinsman to see the guardians of the Tsar as to the widening of our territory on the Kama, and other matters of business.

My kinsman left me very much to myself in the great capital city, and I—knowing no one, and ignorant of and wondering at everything I saw—was allowed to wander about the streets at will; being at this time about fourteen years of age, and remarkably strong and tall for a boy of so few summers.

My first meeting with my master the Tsar was in this wise. I was standing close to the bank of the small river, the Moskva, reflecting how mean and small, in comparison with our own beautiful Kama, was this streamlet which runs through the streets of the capital city, when I was suddenly startled by a loud yell from behind the wall of an adjacent house, and at the same instant received a very violent blow on the back, from a stick or stone, which precipitated me into mid-stream.

Being a good swimmer I thought nothing of the incident as a disaster; as an insult, however, my pride revolted immediately against it, and as I swam back to shore I looked out eagerly for someone upon whom to vent my wrath and desire for vengeance. I did not long remain in doubt as to the identity of my assailants, for at that moment a band of boys of all ages, from twelve to about seventeen, came shouting and waving sticks from behind the wall, headed by one of about my own age, or perhaps a trifle older: a striking-looking lad, slim and elegant in figure, and with the eyes and nose of a bird of prey. He wore the Russian shirt and trowsers, without kaftan; but his shirt was richly worked in blue and red, and the belt about his waist was of silver, chased and filigreed, and his cap was adorned with valuable jewels. This lad held up his hand, and the rest were silent in an instant, all but one who had not noticed the sign, and continued to shout and boo at me as I swam about looking for a place to land.

‘Be silent, Petka, you dog!’ shrieked the young leader of this rowdy band. ‘Here, Gregory, Timothy, in with him. No disobedience here!’

‘Oh, don’t throw me in,’ howled Petka, blubbling; ‘I can’t swim a stroke—I shall be drowned!’

‘Did you swear obedience with the rest?’ said the bejewelled lad.

'Yes,' blubbered the other, 'but——'

'In with him, then,' shouted the leader, stamping; and instantly two or three of the others caught poor Petka by shoulders and heels, and swung him far out into the stream.

I postponed my landing to see what would come of his statement that he could not swim, and it was fortunate for Petka that I did so; for after splashing and floundering for a minute or two, struggling and blubbing, while of those on shore some laughed and some looked grave, down he went.

Down went I also, after him, and fished him up, and together we struggled to the shore. Here the young captain interfered again.

'That's enough for Petka,' he cried. 'He won't disobey his general again—let him up; but take that new fellow and pitch him back for interfering where he was not asked!'

Two of the boys, those whom he had addressed as Timoféy, or Timothy, and Gregory, came down to the bank at this, and each laid hold of a shoulder of mine to pull me out. But I caught each by a leg, and, having a good foothold, easily pulled them down into the water, where I put both their heads under, and then left them to scramble out as best they could, while I set them an example by getting ashore as quickly as I might before others should be told off to prevent me.

The boy whom I have described as the leader of this precious crew, as well as many of his companions, was at this time in fits of laughter over Timothy and Gregory's discomfiture; but I put a sudden end to his mirth by bounding straight up to him as he stood and pointed and laughed, and seizing him in my arms—'Now,' I said, 'my friend, it is your turn to swim and ours to laugh!'

The boy stamped his foot at me and would have spoken, but his surprise or his passion was too great. Foam came from between his lips, but no articulate words. I cared nothing for the stamping of his foot, nor yet for the foaming of his mouth. The rest shouted at me, but I did not listen. I took the boy up by the breast of his shirt in one hand, holding his kicking legs together at the knees with the other, and swung him once, twice, thrice—he found his voice at the second swing—'Let me go,' he shrieked, 'I am Ivan!'

'I don't care who you are,' I said, 'you impudent young bully. You'll be a wet Ivan directly!'

'But I can't swim,' he blubbered, as he flew through the air,

and the next instant he plunged with a grand splash into the Moskva, half-way across, and struggled and floundered for all the world as Petka had.

Of course I was not going to allow him to drown; but he was quite half-drowned by the time I went to his assistance; and when I placed him on the bank, he lay there panting and spitting water from his mouth for some minutes before he could find breath to speak. When he was able to raise his head and look around, he glared at me with a very wicked look; his eyes—as sharp as a hawk’s—seemed to glow like two little live coals. He foamed and fumed and gnashed his teeth at me, and again at his companions, before he spoke; they all appeared frightened or abashed, and said nothing. As for me, I could not forbear to laugh, for in truth it appeared to me a foolish and ridiculous thing that this boy, far smaller than many of his comrades, should have so successfully dominated the rest that they were appalled because of his absurd anger. At last he spoke.

‘I told you I was Ivan,’ he said.

‘And I told you you would be a wet Ivan before long,’ I rejoined; ‘if you feel a desire to have a little more of the Moskva inside you, you will continue to make faces at me, for that is the straight way into the river.’

At this the boy commenced to writhe and shriek with passion. ‘Gregory, Timothy, Stepán, kill him; tell him who I am and kill him instantly, do you hear me?’ he blustered, jumping to his feet and stamping about in rage. ‘Tie stones to his feet and pitch him into the water—knock him on the head with your sticks.’ Then I thought I had to deal with a godsgman, as we call the unfortunate demented, and pitied him.

‘Is he a godsgman?’ I asked of the crowd of lads around.

‘He is the Grand Duke of Russia, you fool,’ said one of them; ‘and you will pay for what you have done to-day.’

‘*This* the Grand Duke of Russia?’ I said, laughing; ‘are you *all* mad? He is a boyar by his dress, certainly, but not by his manners; as for all of you, you—’

‘I am Ivan, I say,’ cried the leader, recommencing his shrieks and stamping; ‘Timothy, seize him you, or Vainka if he and Gregory are afraid—seize him and tie weights to him and drown him—and may the devil have him—I hate him—kill him!’

But no one moved, though several glowered at me; they did not like the look of me and my stick—one I had taken up from

the ground, where somebody, Ivan himself, I think, had laid it. The stick was furnished with an iron spike at the end, and was a formidable weapon.

‘By St. Cyril and St. Methodius you shall all suffer for this—every one of you!’ cried Ivan, looking around with an expression that a demon might have envied. ‘Will not one of you obey?’

‘Let him put down the stick, and I will try him,’ said a big boy—Vainka by name. I threw down the weapon, and we wrestled. When we were close to the bank of the river I tripped Vainka, and he splashed head first into the water.

To my surprise I found that Ivan had recovered from his fit of passion, and was laughing at Vainka’s discomfiture. I looked at him fixedly. Could this really be young Ivan Vasilitch, the Grand Duke of Muscovy—my sovereign—or was the whole thing a play, acted by a rowdy party of boys for their own diversion? His countenance, now that the passion had disappeared from it, was refined and noble; his eyes were hawk-like still, but the evil glow had departed from them; his body had a natural aristocratic pose; I gazed at him and felt unaccountably attracted. Grand Duke, or mere boyar, this lad was a remarkable personality. I had reached this point in my reflections when he turned his head and caught me looking at him. He stamped his foot and frowned; but whether it was that he discerned more respect and admiration in my expression, or whether my victory over Vainka had pleased him, his eyes did not glow with passion as before. We stared in one another’s faces for a moment. During that moment I came to the conclusion—I scarcely knew why, though I now understand that the majesty in that face was quite unmistakable when not concealed by the contortions of passion—that this must certainly be the youthful Head of the realm: the young Grand Duke Ivan, and that I had gone within sight of drowning the Lord’s Anointed. At this thought (for we Stroganofs, though independent, are the most loyal of the subjects of the Tsar) I was conscious of a great horror, and hid my face in my hands and dropped on my knees. ‘What have I done—what have I done?’ I murmured. ‘If you are indeed Ivan Vasilitch, the Grand Duke, what have I done in throwing you into the river?’

‘You have certainly committed a great sin,’ said Ivan, ‘but since you pulled me out again you have partially atoned for it; you shall fully atone by instantly joining my band and obeying my orders. Is it agreed?’

'So long as your way is God's way, I agree,' I said.

The boy looked grave for a moment, then he smiled. 'That is a good answer,' he said; 'you please me. Now take Timothy and Gregory and throw them into the water, and afterwards every one of the others excepting Vainka Koltso, who alone obeyed orders, though it were to his own disadvantage. Now, sir—take Gregory first—resist, Gregory—don't be a sheep.'

My orders astonished me mightily.

'But what about those who cannot swim?' I said, hesitating.

'Oh, Lord have mercy upon us, save them if you think them worth it!' said Ivan; 'I don't!'

Then there arose such a wailing and blubbering as I never thought to hear on this earth; yet not one of those boys dared run away and thus avoid the punishment in store for him. There were thirteen in all, counting the prince and Vainka Koltso, and eleven of these had to be ducked. Some of them resisted violently, and four times I was myself tripped and ducked by my assailants. But in the end each of the eleven had his ducking, and the sentence was duly executed; but since I had been obliged to wrestle many times, and had been worsted at least four times (though in the end I overthrew each of my conquerors), and was besides obliged to plunge in to save half a dozen of my victims, I was fairly exhausted when the business was done and my duty performed, and had scarcely strength to crawl out after my last immersion, or breath to thank my new friend and master when he called encouragingly to me as I scrambled ashore, and said I had done well, and he should like me.

'Now you can all go to your homes, poor creatures that you are!' he added, frowning around at the rest; 'why are you not all like him? I should make something of my Russia by-and-by, if you were! The company is dissolved till to-morrow—march! Stay here with me, you!' he added, laying his hand upon my arm.

The dripping band of boys dispersed with shouts and rejoicings, leaving me alone with my new friend. A moment after there was not one in sight, and only the distant sound of their happiness could be heard. It was like the breaking up of a school. This lad was evidently a hard taskmaster, and his playmates took more pleasure in the dispersion of the band than in the assembling of the same.

CHAPTER II.

CAMPAIGNING.

'I BELIEVE I shall like you ; I think we may be friends,' said my companion when the rest had gone ; 'you are strong and bold, and may be of great use to me in my campaigning. But who are you ; what is your name ?'

I wondered at the prince's manner of expressing himself. What did he mean by campaigning ! However, I told him my name.

'Oh !' he said, 'then you have come up from Perm with the man who has been bargaining with Shuisky these days ?' I concurred. 'Then you may tell your relative,' he continued, 'to be careful in his dealings with that thief and liar, for he will swindle him and deceive him as he has swindled every other boyar in the Empire who has dealings with him. I heard him telling someone, Belsky or one of the Glinskys I think, that he found these Stroganofs were as rich as Croesus, and he was going to milk them like so many cows.'

I was greatly surprised to hear this, for the regent had been all that was courteous and kind towards my uncle. But I afterwards learned that this Shuisky was of all men the most crafty and deceitful.

But I only said that I would warn my relative as the prince suggested ; and then I asked my companion why he had had me attacked and pitched into the water. What had I done to deserve this treatment at his hands ?

'Done !' he said, astonished. 'Why, nothing, of course. What an odd question ! I had never seen you before, so that you could have done nothing to offend me !'

'Then why attack an innocent lad ?' I repeated. 'How could you tell that I should not have been drowned ? I might not have been able to swim !'

'Oh well,' said Ivan, laughing, 'you would not have been the first. The other day we did drown a boy ; he was not of the boyar class, like yourself, and nothing was said ; he went down without a struggle, and never came up again. If his folks had come down to the river and made any fuss about it we should have beaten them. They are all very harmless, as soon as they are told who I am.'

I gazed at the Grand Duke in horror. 'And why do you do this kind of thing?' I asked him.

'What else is there to do?' he said, quite surprised. 'The Grand Duke may surely amuse himself as he pleases, without consulting his subjects. However, we do not often take life—human life, I mean; we drown all the stray dogs and other animals we can catch—drown them, or get our fun out of them some other way. My campaigners and I have better fun with our captives than drowning them, as a rule. You shall come and see for yourself now that you are enrolled.'

'But I am only conditionally enrolled,' I said. 'I undertook to be of your party so long only as your ways are God's ways.'

'But the Grand Duke is God in Russia,' said Ivan. 'Shuisky says so; nothing that I do can possibly be wrong, he says.'

'And what is his opinion of your drowning your subjects, and doing I know not what besides with them?' I asked, feeling that I was in a sort of dream.

'Oh, we only frighten them and beat them, if they resist, and take their money,' said the prince; 'I always tell Shuisky of our adventures, because it puts him in good humour; he laughs and says that I am the kind of king that Russia wants, one who is not afraid of his people or of anything else. Ask him, if you like, what he thinks of me. Sometimes I fancy he is anxious that I should come to harm during our marauding expeditions, for though he professes to be my most faithful regent and friend, yet if I were to die I know not who would step into my place if it were not Shuisky. Therefore tell him, as an entertaining anecdote, of how you threw me into the stream and were obliged to fish me out again; you will see by his face whether the story really alarms him on my account, or whether he is only sorry that your pitching me in was followed by your fishing me out.'

I mentally resolved that I would do exactly as this cunning youth suggested.

'But why,' I said, 'must you rob and beat your people? Is there no better way of amusing yourself than this?'

'As for their money,' he replied, 'I need it. I depend upon it for everything I buy. Shuisky gives me none. I should not even have food enough, but for what I purchase for myself.'

All this was perfectly true, as I discovered afterwards. The

miscreant Shuisky not only made light of the prince's misconduct, but actually deprived him of the necessities of life in order to compel him to act the common highwayman and street robber, in company with his rascally young confederates, those whom I had had the pleasure of ducking; praising and treating as—at the worst—amiable youthful eccentricity, conduct which an honest guardian would instantly have execrated and forbidden. But instead of allowing my poor young master to see such conduct as his own in its proper light: as disgraceful and unworthy in the meanest of his subjects, and contemptible and abominable in the highest degree when indulged in by one occupying his position, this villainous regent or minister for his own ends obscured the truth, and allowed the prince to go from wickedness to wickedness, until at length, as I hinted before, he actually was unable to distinguish right from wrong, and was convinced that in the successful execution of his miserable robberies and street bullyings he was evincing the highest and princeliest qualities, and showing, for all men to see, how wise and brave a ruler he should be when old enough to take upon himself the reins of government.

Out of curiosity, and without binding myself to take part in any enterprise of which I disapproved, I joined the band of the Grand Duke's confederates on the following day, and saw with my own eyes what manner of entertainment was this which the young prince, my master, had invented and organised for his own recreation, and which Shuisky, his responsible guardian, approved as a fitting occupation for the titular head of this great Empire of Muscovy.

We stationed ourselves, I remember, behind a paling at the outskirts of the city, not far from the spot at which I had myself been surprised and attacked on the previous day; and there we lay in ambush awaiting whatever prey fortune should send into our net.

Presently a peasant came driving along the dusty road in his cart. With him were two women wearing red handkerchiefs over their heads and singing merrily, as our Russian peasant women do. As they passed us, the horse was startled and seized, and the serf pulled out of the cart. The women stopped their singing to cry aloud in their terror; the man blubbered for mercy. His pockets were searched and those of the women also; the cart was full of butter-tubs, and the three vowed and protested that they were without money. A few coppers were found, and these were taken, after which the peasant was well beaten and released.

I had thought the women would be spared, but this was not the case, and they were beaten also.

I protested against this useless cruelty, but Ivan laughed and said his 'men' must be amused. He added that if I objected to the action of those who had beaten the women I might settle with them for myself, and this I was glad to do, for it relieved my feelings; and with the same birch sticks that had belaboured the peasant women I soon gave the two offenders as much as I thought the occasion demanded, they making little or no resistance but much noise, and the young Grand Duke applauding and laughing, mightily pleased and amused.

After this there were richer persons robbed, and one way and another a considerable sum of money was acquired by these foul means. As a rule, if any victim showed much resistance he was safe; for the band, being mere youths and boys, possessed little real fighting capacity, and relied more upon terrifying their victims than upon reducing them by force. I was glad whenever one escaped us by standing up to his assailants, and on one occasion—greatly to his surprise and to the disgust of our own party—I took the side of a gallantly resisting young boyar, who was set upon unawares by the entire force, but placed his back to the wall and defied them.

'I know you and your ways, you cowards,' he said; 'that boy there with the silver belt is Ivan, the Grand Duke; he must be mad to allow the scum of the city to attack in his name the respectable citizens, and even his own boyars like myself; come on, I defy you, prince and all!'

I saw the prince at this suddenly change. His countenance grew livid and devilish, just as it had been yesterday, and his eyes reddened with glowing fire. He let fly his iron-tipped stick at the defiant boyar's head, but the young man deftly avoided it, and bowed gravely to the prince.

'Done like a Tsar,' he said, 'a truly princely action. Now then, you others, scum of Moscow, attack!'

'Not I, for one!' I said, laughing; 'I do not belong—I am on your side in this matter, Adashef!'

'You know me?' he said, astonished. 'What, Sasha Stroganof—in this company—oh, Sasha!' he added, seeing and recognising me.

'It is an accident,' I said, taking my stand at his side; 'this will prove it, and I flourished my stick and joined him in putting to flight the whole of Ivan's craven band of boy-robbers, which

we effected in about half a minute. Adashef was a grown man of about nineteen, and though not much taller or stronger than I, was active and a pretty fighter.

The Grand Duke watched his men retreat pell-mell in every direction.

'I sicken of them,' he said aloud, 'more every day.'

'Have no more to do with them, Ivan Vasilitch, for God's sake,' said Adashef; 'take the counsel of those who wish you well!'

'Amen!' I said, heartily.

Ivan's passion had faded as quickly as it had come. He betrayed no shame for his late conduct, neither was he now angry with Adashef. He knew not right from wrong.

'Upon my word, I have a mind to dismiss them, every one, and take yourself and Stroganof as my men in their place!' continued the boy reflectively.

'Not to do your dirty work in the slums of this town!' said Adashef, and I concurred, though speaking more deferentially than he.

'Oh well,' said Ivan, 'if you can suggest any other way of passing the time I shall not object; I am dull enough; I am sick of street fights, and even pitching cats and dogs from the top of the Kremlin tower does not delight me as it used!'

On the way home Adashef spoke very much and very wisely as to the foolishness and wickedness of Ivan's behaviour; and the Grand Duke—being now in his best mood—took all that was said in good part: and this was the first move in the direction of better things.

CHAPTER III.

THE YOUNG EAGLE RUFFLES HIS FEATHERS.

My stay in the capital city was somewhat protracted, but we were back again at Perm, my uncle Simeon Stroganof, and I, long before the terrible results of Adashef's and my own remonstrances with the young Grand Duke set all Russia trembling and yet admiring, and fearing and yet hoping for the future. My uncle had obtained the concessions he required from Shuisky the regent; that is, Shuisky had made him certain promises, but

whether those promises would have been kept, but for the event which I am now about to describe, is very doubtful indeed.

Let me first mention one little matter. I had informed this Shuisky, in the assumed humility of one who confesses a great fault, that I had, at my first acquaintance with the prince, and before I fully knew who he was, caught up Ivan and pitched him into the stream.

As I told the tale Shuisky flushed red and started up; he glanced at Belsky, who was present.

'What!' he cried. 'You pitched the prince into the river and pulled him out again! fool, idiot! why could you not have——'

'Andrey Ivanitch!' said Belsky, warningly. It was all I could do to avoid laughing, the comedy was so plain. Shuisky glanced again at his companion, and sat down suddenly.

'Is the boy not a fool and an idiot?' he continued angrily; 'to lay violent hands upon the Anointed of the Lord? Why could you not have left him in peace, I say? for this you shall suffer the severest punishment.'

But my young master would not hear of my suffering any kind of punishment for the ducking I gave him, though Shuisky exhibited great zeal in the matter, with the object of effacing from my mind any possible misconceptions founded upon his unguarded exclamations upon first hearing of the incident.

Nevertheless, I did not fail to inform the prince as to this, and the tale did not in any degree surprise him.

'I have long been assured,' he said, 'that Shuisky is my enemy, and desires my destruction rather than my welfare.'

'And yet you take delight in his applause and approbation,' said Adashef, who was present, 'and do not understand that he encourages your misbehaviour and your excesses with these foot-pads, your confederates, in order that you may render yourself unpopular with your people and nobles, and that they may one day, in the overflowing of their wrath, turn again and rend you. Be warned once again, Ivan Vasilitch, and turn from your evil ways. There is danger in the air!'

'I think,' said Ivan, 'that I am Grand Duke, and not Shuisky.'

'That is true,' said Adashef; 'you are Grand Duke of Muscovy and over all your subjects, Shuisky included.'

'So that if I insisted, my subjects would be bound to obey me rather than Shuisky, if we were to disagree?' said the prince.

'The Russian people would support the word of the prince against that of a usurping boyar; they have ever done so,' said Adashef; 'you are of the House of Rurik. Holy Mother of the Most Blessed,' he added, crossing himself most reverently, 'to think of a prince of the House of Rurik demeaning himself by associating with a pack of juvenile robbers and highwaymen, lying in wait and robbing defenceless women and unsuspecting peasants and merchants!'

I quite expected the prince's iron-tipped staff to fly at these bold words of Adashef's, but the Grand Duke only frowned and was silent, and said not another word till we reached home. Within the court of the palace were assembled a number of Ivan's chosen confederates, the Gregorys and Timoféys, of whom mention has been made, awaiting their leader's orders for the afternoon. When Ivan saw this company he flew into the greatest passion. He chased them from the courtyard with scarcely articulate cries, prodding at them with his ugly weapon, and wounding slightly at least one. At the gate he found his tongue.

'Go!' he shrieked, 'every one of you, and return no more! I have finished with you, you are they who come between me and my people, I will have no robbery and violence in my streets, you are disbanded, I loathe you and forget you henceforth, every one; depart!'

And that was the end of the Duke's wretched band of foot-pads, and of his own disgraceful conduct in the streets of the capital city.

Before my dear master died he reminded me of that scene and said, in his infinite kindness towards me, that it was through my words and conduct that he had been led to see the error of his ways, and had made this first great step in the direction of an improved life; but though I may have contributed by my behaviour at our first meeting towards his conversion, yet I am convinced that it was to Adashef and to his impassioned words about the House of Rurik that my master really owed the true awakening of his soul!

The Grand Duke owed much more, in after years, to this great man; and while Adashef and the monk Sylvester dominated him, which was for many a long and prosperous year, there did not exist a wiser or more sober and benevolent prince in all the world than young Tsar Ivan, the first Russian Tsar or Cæsar, a title which he himself invented and adopted. It was not until

his never to be sufficiently deplored quarrel with Adashef and Sylvester, that my poor master discovered once again those terrible traits of passion and inhumanity which the miscreant Shuisky had, in his youth, done everything to foster and develop; and which the Tsar, in after years, himself so bitterly regretted!

But all this belongs to a later period. At the time of which I now write both Adashef and I quitted Moscow to return to our own homes, leaving our new friend, the young Grand Duke, to think over our counsels, and to act as he found best upon them.

Assuredly neither Adashef nor I ever for one moment anticipated so terrible an event (the first practical result of our talks with the prince) as that which I come now to describe. I was at Perm, of course, when it happened, and can only therefore relate the event at second-hand; but my authority is of the best, since it is no other than Vorontsoff himself, a dear friend of mine, who was, as it shall soon be seen, a principal actor in the affair. Vorontsoff was a young boyar of about twenty years of age, rich and very noble, and had come to Moscow at the invitation, or rather at the summons of Shuisky, upon some plea in connection with the tributes due to the crown from the large landowners.

Shuisky's policy was ever to impoverish and enfeeble all boyars and persons of position and authority in the empire, in order that when the time came for the passing of the imperial power and title into the hands of a subject, there should be none to compete with himself for this supreme position and dignity. Beyond all doubt Shuisky both expected and intended the throne to become vacant before its present occupant should have grown old enough and influential enough to maintain his own rights and position.

Therefore Shuisky milked the boyars, to use his own expression, like so many cows, and the quarrels between himself and the rest of the nobles were frequent and scandalous. There was anarchy throughout the realm during these few years of his regency, that is, from the day of the lamented death of the good mother of the prince and until—well, until that which I am now about to describe.

Vorontsoff had made himself exceedingly agreeable to the Grand Duke, and Ivan had become very fond of him during his short acquaintance with him. We also, Adashef and I, had seen Vorontsoff and liked him, and at our departure we commended

the prince to his care, informing him privately of our distrust of Shuisky, as well as of our hopes for the awakening of our young master from the sleep and sloth of ignorance and unworthy, unprincely vice.

Some few weeks after our departure, Vorontsoff fell out with the minister. So far as I remember the circumstance, the origin of the quarrel was Vorontsoff's refusal to pay that which was demanded of him 'for the maintenance of the Grand Duke.' The contention of the boyar was this, that nothing was spent upon the prince and his needs and education; that all the money exacted under this head was expended upon Shuisky himself and his luxuries and aggrandisement, while the prince was left to starve, or next door to it, both physically and intellectually.

'All the world knows,' said brave Vorontsoff, 'that the Grand Duke is neglected and treated worse and with less sympathy than the child of the meanest peasant in the land; also that you have designs, Andrey Ivanitch, upon the throne in case of any emergency!'

Shuisky was lolling in his favourite attitude in his cabinet, upon an arm-chair, and with his feet resting on the bed which had been that of the late Grand Duke Vasili, Ivan's father. My master has often described to me this attitude, and his own rage to see the feet of this miscreant defile the couch whereon his great father had rested.

Ivan himself was present, seated on the floor and listening.

Up jumped Shuisky at the words of Vorontsoff, furious, pale with the madness of anger; he said no word, but clapped his hands. Two attendants rushed in.

'Seize him, seize him!' cried Shuisky, pointing towards Vorontsoff, 'away with him to the flog-room, and see that he has twenty blows of the knoot!'

But my dear master, like a young lion, rose to his feet and shook his mane, and roared aloud.

'Stop!' he cried, 'not a finger is laid upon this boyar.' Vorontsoff has often told me how splendid the prince looked at this moment—how much a prince and how little a boy!

The attendants gazed about to right and left, bewildered, and uncertain what to do. Shuisky glared a moment at the Duke as though about to strike him. Then he turned to the men and stamped his foot.

'Do you hear me?' he shouted; 'seize him, and away with him this instant—never mind that boy!'

Then the young lion, as lions do, abandoned himself to the passion of his rage. His eyes glowed like coals, and he stamped his foot with ten times the fury and fifty times the majesty of Shuisky; the men had been about to obey the repeated orders of the regent, but paused, terrified and surprised at the aspect of the prince.

'Stop,' he said, with marvellous dignity and composure, considering his passion and his years. 'Vorontsoff, kill those persons if they dare to disobey my orders. Listen, fools that you are: It is I that am Grand Duke of Moscow, and not this Shuisky: you are my servants, not his; I am Grand Duke also over Shuisky. I command you to seize *him*, and not this boyar; seize him and convey him to the prison-room downstairs. This boyar shall slay you with his sword if you disobey!' Vorontsoff drew his sword; the men hesitated: Shuisky stood trembling, surprised and bewildered, and uncertain what course to pursue. The men whispered to one another, and one took hold of Shuisky's arm; the other hesitated, but on Vorontsoff making a movement he, too, grasped the regent by the arm.

'Now march!' said Ivan, pointing to the door; and, followed by Vorontsoff and by the prince himself, the procession departed down the stairs and into the prison-room below, Shuisky still too amazed and bewildered to resist.

He struggled, indeed, within the dungeon-like chamber itself; but by that time the men had accustomed themselves to consider the prince as their master and this man as prisoner, and his struggles were vain.

So Shuisky was locked up, regent though he was, by a young Grand Duke of scarcely fourteen summers; and had it ended there it would have been well for Shuisky, but it did not.

After the prisoner had been secured the Grand Duke sent Vorontsoff and others to convene a meeting of all the boyars to be found in Moscow. The demon of rage was still holding court in his young soul, but his self-control and dignity were, from Vorontsoff's account, and by all accounts, simply marvellous.

So also at the assembly of amazed and wondering boyars, convened in hot haste by his orders, the bearing of our young Russian Grand Duke was the very example of all dignity and majesty, and his address to the assembled nobles and magnates was as surprising in its eloquence, having in mind the age of the speaker, as it was in its purport.

The prince harangued his principal subjects upon the folly and wickedness of the boyar class throughout the empire, but especially in Moscow. Though very young, he said, he was nevertheless aware of the mischief that stalked abroad among them: of how each thought and strove for himself and his own aggrandisement, instead of for the welfare of the State and of its ill-treated and neglected head. He was also aware of the many and great abuses perpetrated in his name throughout the land; and the time had come when he, the representative of Rurik, could no longer withhold his tongue nor restrain his hand, but must assert himself and the dignity of the throne of Muscovy. Many of those present were undoubtedly worthy of condign punishment; but in his royal clemency he had resolved (said this sovereign of fourteen summers!) to forgive all, save one, and that by far the greatest offender of them all. Shuisky was that one. Shuisky was infinitely the most villainous of all his boyars; and, as the worst, he should be the one to suffer.

The punishment of the victim was dreadful. In after years my master spoke of it with sorrow, as of one of his lapses into inhumanity; but he invariably added that Shuisky, nevertheless, deserved any fate that could have been meted out to him, so vile an enemy was he to his country. In a word, the prince commanded that he should be taken forthwith and cast into an enclosure in which were kept a pack of peculiarly vicious and ferocious wolf-hounds—wild creatures that none could approach with safety excepting their keepers.

By these dreadful animals Shuisky was instantly torn to pieces; and so perished, at the bidding of a youth of fourteen, one of the worst men that Russia has ever brought forth. May God have mercy upon his sins, which were many!

From this terrible day onward my young master was the undisputed head of this great realm. Abuses were put down; the misrule of the boyar class was checked and gradually abolished; good and great men were chosen by the young Duke for his advisers and ministers; and though he lapsed occasionally, during the first two years of his real reign, into those paroxysms of passion which betrayed the lower depths of his duplex individuality, yet he was far more often at his best than at his worst, at this time, and the affairs of the empire undoubtedly gained by his assumption into his boy-hands of the direction of the helm of the State.

Truly a great Russian was my master, who could effect all this

when scarcely in his teens, and in spite of the disadvantages and disabilities of his boyhood under the festering wickedness and neglect of Shuisky's guardianship.

CHAPTER IV.

A WOLF-FIGHT.

SINCE it is my intention to write down rather a record of my own doings and adventures than a history of my master, Ivan the Fourth of Russia, I must now leave the Grand Duke in Moscow, under the safe guardianship of his mother's relatives, the Glinskys, now restored (thanks to Shuisky's fall) to power, and introduce my own family and neighbours, especially one who is destined to play an important rôle in this narrative, in connection both with myself personally and also with the relations between myself and my master, which alone, after all, can give any importance to my records.

My relative Simeón Stroganof was the head of the family. He was the brother of my father, who was dead. Simeón was a great landowner and merchant—a boyar, of course, and rich. His entire being was devoted to the making of a great estate and the gathering together of riches. My brothers Maxim and Nikita were quite of their uncle's stamp—earnest in business, thinking little of outdoor sports and the usual occupations and recreations of young men of their age (they were seventeen and eighteen years old at this time), and devoting themselves to the development of the timber and salt and other trades which they carried on together with our uncle Simeón. As for me, nature had formed me of a different material, for I never took the slightest interest in the commercial pursuits which delighted them, but, even at my then age of about fifteen, only in the life of the open air—in hunting and swimming and adventure of every kind. My uncle had hoped to interest me in the family struggle for wealth and aggrandisement by taking me with him to Moscow, as described above; but, beyond imbuing me with a strange affection for my young sovereign (strange, because he had certainly not revealed himself at his best during our short acquaintance, for all that he had contrived to exercise so great a fascination over me!), my trip to Moscow had resulted in little,

changing neither my opinion of sit-at-home merchants, nor my scorn for money-making. My opinion of my brothers was a poor one. I could tolerate my uncle's love for commerce and barter—firstly, because he was, though still a comparatively young man, considerably older than ourselves; and, secondly, because he was head of the family, and I recognised the fact that some one of us must, after all, look after the family estate and affairs; but I regarded my brothers with scorn, because they would take no part in my huntings and adventurous ridings into the Ural country, and in other enterprises in which my soul took great delight. They had no time, they said, for frivolities and boyish escapades, for the Stroganofs were destined to play a great part in the world and they must see to the fulfilment of the family destiny.

I may say that prophecies in this sense had been freely put forth and circulated for a generation or two by the *Znahars* and *Znaharkas*, the soothsayers male and female, of Perm, and were implicitly believed by most of us. One of these prophecies ran, I remember, to this effect: 'The Stroganofs take the East in their hand and place it in the Tsar's hands, and the Tsar rejoices because he has seen the West depart from him.'

I used to laugh at this oracular utterance because, so far as I could make out, it could not possibly mean anything whatever, and the *Znahar* who pronounced it must simply, so I held, be an unfortunate—that is, a godsmen or lunatic. But now, in my old age, I understand that there is more in these things than appears.

Our nearest boyar neighbours were the Krilofs, who lived in summer fifteen miles or so away, eastwards, and on the road to Molebsk. Of this family we Stroganofs professed to know nothing, because, owing to a very ancient family feud as to which I need not enter into explanations, we were not upon speaking terms. The Krilofs never came to Perm, our town; and we never went to Molebsk, theirs. I believe my brothers and uncle actually had not even so much as heard their names, and certainly did not know them by sight. It was different with me.

At this time I was already interested in one member, at least, of the Krilof family—the girl Vera; as for the rest, I knew some of them by sight, but we were not on speaking or bowing terms. I must put upon record my first meeting with Vera—hey me! what a number of years ago! Let me see; I was not yet fifteen then and I am sixty now, and my dear master has been

dead five years—he would have been sixty also—dear, dear! to think of us two as old men—us two boys, ha! ha! And Vera, too, she is——

But I am proving myself the old man by allowing my tongue to run away with me. What we have to consider now is my first meeting with Vera Krilof.

I was hunting hares with my two Siberian hounds, Borka and Borza. These two dogs were my inseparable companions; they were long-limbed, lithe, long-nosed dogs, as fast and active as English greyhounds, and not unlike them in length of limb and head, but of a stouter build and far stronger and braver. I used them both for running down wolves and for hunting hares, and they were equally useful for either purpose.

On this particular afternoon in early spring, I was some ten miles from home, in the direction of Molebsk and the Urals, and was riding in search of hare tracks through a somewhat wild pine forest, when suddenly Borza pricked up his ears and started forward at a quicker rate, Borka following suit.

‘A hare!’ I thought, and spurred up old Daniel, my pony—a wiry Cossack, that would gallop fifty miles without being aware that he had well started.

But presently I heard sounds in the distance; a human shout or two, as it seemed, and the snarling of wild animals.

Scenting an adventure, I jogged up Daniel, and we flew after the two dogs, who had taken a good lead of twenty yards and were making splendid pace through the pine-trees in the direction of the sounds. It was not long before we came in sight of the scene whence the hubbub proceeded, and a curious and remarkable scene it was. I close my eyes and see it vividly before my face now, forty-five years after—I see every detail.

First there was the carcass of a horse, or what was left of it, being torn to shreds by half a dozen wolves. Then, his back to a tree, there was a youth of about sixteen or seventeen, hunting-knife in hand, shouting and stabbing vigorously enough at four other wolves, which stood in a half-circle about him, approaching and receding, snarling, foaming, darting in, receiving a blow or an attempted blow, and dodging back, besieging their antagonist pretty closely. Lastly, and most important of all, at the side of this shouting, fighting youth there stood another figure, a young girl of about my own age, upright, slim, black-haired, white-browed, most beautiful—as even then I found time to observe, the impression being, no doubt, an unconscious and irresistible one.

The girl was fighting also, but not shouting. Her lips were set, and she wielded a riding-whip, with which she belaboured the wolves whenever one rushed within reach. The whip was clubbed, but even thus was harmless, I should say, against the thick skulls of her assailants; but the brave girl fought with it, nevertheless, as earnestly as though the weapon were an axe, and every blow from it would tell upon her enemies.

The situation of the boy and the girl was without doubt extremely critical, and I shudder to think what would have been their fate had Providence not sent me to hunt the hare in those parts that afternoon.

As it was, Borka and Borza each laid a wolf by the throat in quicker time than the words can be written or read. For myself, being armed with my gun (a rarity in that day, and the intensely-valued gift of my uncle, who brought it from Moscow for me), I, too, accounted for one wolf very speedily, and the fourth having quickly disappeared on catching sight of Borka and Borza, I turned my attention to the group which were engaged upon the carcase of the horse.

Meanwhile the youth had stabbed the two animals secured by the hounds, and my two faithful companions now bounded to my side, to take part in further conquests. Though unwilling to relinquish their banquet, the six remaining wolves drew off, snarling and threatening, less willing to fight than to feast. Borza and Borka, however, would take no denial, and each quickly engaged a second antagonist, the rest instantly disappearing; and with the stabbing of these two the battle ended, and I was at liberty to give my attention to the youth and the maiden to whose aid we had so providentially arrived.

The girl stood over the remains of the half-eaten horse, and her eyes, I saw, had filled with tears. She dashed them away as she observed me looking at her, and frowned. Then she smiled.

'God sent you in time to save Andrey and myself,' she said, 'but not poor Vaiska! I wish you had arrived five minutes sooner!'

'So do I,' I said, 'if you do!'

'Oh, we should have beaten them off in a minute or two!' said the youth. I could not resist bursting into a loud laugh.

'What, ten wolves to one dagger?' I said.

'And a brave heart and two strong arms!' added the youth.

'Say, at least, *two* brave hearts and a riding-whip,' said I, still laughing.

The girl laughed also, and her eyes flashed gratefully, I thought, at me.

'Don't be foolish, Andrey,' she said, 'and ungrateful; this lad and his dogs have saved us, and we thank them.'

'Oh, yes, we thank them,' assented the youth, but not very cordially. 'We should have been all right if that brute Ufa had not played the fool, curse him! I shall half kill him for this if I find him at home in his stable!' I learned afterwards that, pursued by the wolves, the brother and sister had galloped homewards through the woods, keeping well in front of their pursuers, until Ufa, Andrey's horse, had shied and thrown him and bolted. At this the girl had pulled up and dismounted on the instant, the wolves falling upon her pony immediately and tearing it to pieces, while she placed herself at Andrey's side, just as I had found her.

Nothing was said as to Vera's splendid and heroic conduct at this time; I did not know of it until long afterwards.

I took a dislike to Andrey from the first moment. If his sister had not been present now, I believe I should have chastised him for his ingratitude at that, our very first meeting, though he had quite a two years' advantage over me. But I was interested in the girl Vera, and wished to hear more of her voice and less of his. I called up my dogs and bade them greet her. Borka and Borza went, at my bidding, and laid their long faces in her lap as she sat, one from one side and the other from the opposite, and looked kindly up in her eyes.

'What dear dogs!' she said; 'look, Andrey.'

'They are fairly good hounds,' said he, 'but we have a dozen better at Molebsk.'

'That I'll wager you have not,' said I, warmly.

'Considering that I have seen both those and these, and you only these, the wager would be a foolish one on your part!' said the youth haughtily.

I turned from him angrily, for the very look of the fellow made my fingers itch to chastise him. My old Cossack pony, Daniel, stood close by, half asleep; I had not tied him up, because I knew well that neither wolf nor devil nor anything else would cause old Daniel to lose his head; and if he saw me dismounted among the wolves he would wait, in full confidence upon my sagacity, and perhaps sleep quietly until I remounted.

'Daniel shall carry you home,' I said, addressing the girl at my side, 'if you can sit him without a saddle?' I never used a saddle myself.

Vera laughed merrily.

'A saddle!' she repeated, 'I? As soon I would ride in an arm-chair. I have never tried a saddle. But I will walk with Andrey—it is not far, five miles, perhaps. Nevertheless, I thank you for the offer.'

'Daniel shall carry you both,' I said; 'the wolves are about; you cannot walk unarmed all that distance. I am armed and have the dogs; I will call for the horse afterwards.'

'I am not afraid,' said Vera. And I am certain that this was the plain truth. Nevertheless, Andrey recommended that my offer should be accepted; the walk was somewhat dangerous, and besides Vera was not accustomed to walking, and it would be rather far for her, who always rode.

So the two mounted old Daniel, who looked inquiringly at me, being somewhat surprised, though it took a good deal to surprise old Daniel.

'All right, Daniel,' I said, 'go ahead! Whom shall I ask for at Kamka?' I added, as they rode quietly off. Kamka was the village at which they had said they were at present residing, although Molebsk was their town home. The youth laughed haughtily. 'I forgot,' he said; 'it is so unusual that anyone should be unacquainted with our names in these parts; I am Prince Krilof.'

'Good heavens!' I blurted out foolishly, and flushing deeply, 'and is *she* a Krilof, then? What a terrible misfortune!' This was a very imbecile speech, but my next was even feebler:

'I am Stroganof, you see,' I stammered, 'and if I had known——'

'*What!*' cried Krilof, '*you* a Stroganof! Come, Vera, off with you; I wish to heaven he and his mongrel dogs had stayed away; you would not be beholden to a Stroganof! Off with you, I say; we will walk!'

'Do not speak like a fool, Andrey,' said Vera, dismounting, however, as she spoke; 'you would have been eaten by the wolves ere this but for him and his dogs.' She flashed her great eyes at me, and added:—'We thank you for your timely help, but we—I—wish you were not a Stroganof!' With that she and he walked away, leaving me standing like a stuffed animal beside Daniel, who stood like another. She turned once and I was almost sure she smiled; but he never looked round at all.

I stood for several minutes dazed, and with my blood running like a mill-race through my head, too bewildered and stunned to

think; then it struck me that I had better follow them at a distance, in case of accidents, for wolves are uncanny folk to deal with. So I roused Daniel, who slept peacefully at my side, whistled up Borka and Borza, and went in pursuit. I dared not come close up, but once or twice I caught sight of a fluttering white skirt through the trees, and this was a comfort to me; and so I followed the Krilofs all the way to Kamka. I was under the impression that I was unobserved; but I have since learned that one, at least, of the two knew all the while that I was at hand.

(To be continued.)

At the Sign of the Ship.

‘**ZOPHIEL**; or, *the Bride of Seven*, is by far the most original poem that this generation has produced.’ So said the British Poet Laureate, the late Mr. Robert Southey. The generation wherein *Zophiel* was the most original poem by far was the generation of Keats and Shelley. The author of *Zophiel* was Mrs. Brookes, of New England, a *citoyenne* of the United States. Remembering all this, I turned eagerly to Professor Brander Matthews’s *Introduction to the Study of American Literature* in search of facts about *The Bride of Seven* (one down and the other come on), for Southey did not praise all poetry at random. His own, he said, was like turtle soup; Wordsworth’s was ‘like asparagus and artichokes.’ I am no Vitellius to bathe in Southey’s turtle soup; nobody takes it now. ‘Nothing can be more absurd,’ Southey adds, ‘than to think of comparing any of my poems with *Paradise Lost*’ (whoever did think of it?). ‘With Tasso, with Virgil, and with Homer there may be grounds of comparison.’

* . *

Southey entertaining these absurd beliefs about his own greatness, his praise of others was not lavish. But he did praise *Zophiel*. Therefore it is extraordinary that Professor Matthews leaves *Zophiel* out of his *Introduction to American Literature*, in which I expected *The Bride of Seven* (what a woman!) to be the most conspicuous jewel. Mrs. Brookes, of New England, is not in the Index; not with Priscilla Alden, Charles H. Farnham, John Jay, E. P. Whipple, and the other literary swells. I call it cruel! I demand justice for Mrs. Brookes and *The Bride of Seven*—perhaps the lady in the story of Tobit.

* . *

The early literature of America is rapidly dismissed. Cotton Mather, that pleasant author, is content with a few lines. Yet

we might prefer him to John Jay or Miss Amelia Lee Jackson at a venture. Washington Irving (born 1783) was the first professional author. He died in 1859. He saw all the palmy age of American literature. Bryant (1794), with Cooper (1789), came next, and probably Cooper was the first imaginative American writer to win admiration on the Continent. He seems to be a good deal neglected now: nobody goes on the trail with Natty Bumpo. I do not feel sure that Cooper's *Pilot* is 'the first salt-water novel ever written'; there is a good deal of the briny in Smollett. I learn with pleasure that 'poetry has never been so abundant in America as it is to-day. Nor is there any falling off in its quality.' Really? Who are the Poe and Longfellow of the hour? Their names and portraits are not given. Perhaps there was no room for them. Alas! I fear that in America, as in England, there is more quantity than quality in poetry. Mr. Matthews explains that 'there is no falling off in quality, for never has the accomplishment of verse been possessed by more writers.' But, unless a critic's 'Muse is the patriotic,' how can he maintain that the quality of American verse is as good as, say, as Poe's, *because* a mob of persons have 'the accomplishment of verse'? American boys and girls are lucky in having such a short history of national literature to get up. It is as if *we* began with Shelley. However, no doubt they start the students with *Beowulf*, as at home. Mr. Matthews's Introduction is a very pleasant and readable little work in itself, and, by a happy thought, is illustrated with portraits of the authors discussed, and views of their homes.

* * *

Mr. Ballantyne, in his essay on *The Man of Bath* (LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE, May), is, perhaps, too hard on Pope. 'Pope had made for himself a fair income by his literary work, especially by his translation of Homer, and very especially by his shabby payment of the men who helped him in that undertaking.' Now Pope made 5,320*l.* by his *Iliad*, on which he worked alone. By his *Odyssey*, after paying Broome and Fenton, his assistants, he made about 3,500*l.* To Broome and Fenton he paid 50*l.* for each book. Broome did eight books, Fenton did four. I would be pleased to translate the *Odyssey* at the rate of 50*l.* a book—that is, for 1,200*l.* altogether. A better price is not likely to be got to-day, and I have known a much smaller price offered. Pope got far more—3,500*l.* for twelve books—but that was because of his name,

Broome and Fenton were not likely to get more than they did in open market, and no publisher would offer so much to ordinary men of letters to-day. If the Poet Laureate, even, produced a translation of Homer to-morrow, I doubt if he would be offered 3,500*l*. Perhaps Lord Tennyson might have secured that sum, for his name and fame were justly great in the land. Perhaps Pope should have taken the 4,000*l*., kept 2,050*l*. for himself for his twelve books, given Broome two-thirds of what was over, and Fenton the rest. That would have been honourable; but acting as he did, he was merely 'not over-generous.' 'The large sum,' says Mr. Leslie Stephen, 'was entirely due to Pope's reputation, though obtained, so far as the true authorship was concealed, upon something like false pretences.' Pope shuffled about the exact amount of work he had done. Broome 'had, in fact, conspired with Pope to attract the public by the use of the most popular name, and could not even claim his own afterwards.' However, he was paid for his own, and I am ready to translate Quintus Smyrnæus at the same tariff.

* * *

Pope's translation, with all its faults, will never be surpassed in its speeches. Take the following example. Polydamas has pointed out to Hector as he leads a charge—a bad omen, drawn from the flight of birds. I give the passage in plain—very plain—prose of my own manufacture, out of 'Leaf, Lang, and Myers.'

* * *

'Then Hector of the glancing helm lowered on him and said: "Polydamas, that thou speakest is no longer pleasing to me; yea, thou knowest how to conceive another counsel better than this. But if thou verily speakest thus in earnest, then the gods themselves have utterly destroyed thy wits; thou that bidst us forget the counsels of loud-thundering Zeus, which himself promised me, and confirmed with a nod of his head! But thou bidst us be obedient to birds long of wing, whereto I give no heed, nor take any care thereof, whether they fare to the right, to the dawn and to the sun, or to the left, to mist and darkness. Nay, for us, let us trust to the counsel of mighty Zeus, who is king over all mortals and immortals. One omen is best, to fight for our own country. And wherefore dost *thou* fear war and battle? For if all the rest of us be slain by the ships of the Argives, yet needst thou not fear to perish, for thy heart is not warlike, nor enduring in battle. But if thou dost hold aloof from the fight, or winnest

any other with thy words to turn him from war, straightway by my spear shalt thou be smitten, and lose thy life."

Here Pope speaks :—

To him then Hector with disdain return'd ;
 (Fierce as he spoke, his eyes with fury burn'd)—
 Are these the faithful counsels of thy tongue ?
 Thy will is partial, not thy reason wrong ;
 Or if the purpose of thy heart thou sent,
 Sure Heaven resumes the little sense it lent—
 What coward counsels would thy madness move
 Against the word, the will reveal'd of Jove ?
 The leading sign, the irrevocable nod
 And happy thunders of the favouring God ?
 These shall I slight ? And guide my wavering mind
 By wand'ring birds that flit with every wind ?
 Ye vagrants of the sky ! your wings extend
 Or where the suns arise or where descend ;
 To right or left unheeded take your way,
 While I the dictates of high heaven obey.
 Without a sigh his sword the brave man draws,
 And asks no omen but his country's cause.
 But why should'st thou suspect the war's success ?
 None fears it more, as none promotes it less.
 Tho' all our selves amid yon ships expire,
 Trust thy own cowardice to escape the fire.
 Troy and her sons may find a general grave,
 But thou canst live, for thou canst be a slave.
 Yet should the fears that wary mind suggests
 Spread their cold poison through our soldiers' breasts,
 My javelin can revenge so base a part,
 And free the soul that quivers in thy heart.

Of course Pope renders freely. He leaves out the recurrent epithet 'the glancing helm,' and, if anybody wants to know that Homer dealt in such recurrent epithets, he must go to some other translator.

Heaven resumes *the little sense* it lent
 is not Homeric ; it is Pope's own rather undignified quip. But
 he has speed and splendour, like Homer's own :—

The leading sign, the irrevocable nod,
 And happy thunders of the favouring God !

None fears it more, as none promotes it less,
 is, again, Pope's own rhetoric ; as is
 But thou canst live, for thou canst be a slave

Homer did not say that, but he would have said it if he had thought of it.

How can any flat prose compete with Pope, in such passages: Pope, whose brilliance, rapidity, and clashing rhymes provide, to the English reader's advantage, a substitute for the rush of the hexameter, and the sonorous language of the Greek original. If Pope were always as good, and as near being literal, his version could never be approached. The long English metres which have lately been attempted, as by Mr. Way in his specimens of *The Song of Roland*,¹ appear to myself to be difficult to scan. One is delayed by looking about for the proper stresses. Mr. Morris's *Odyssey* is not quite innocent of the same failing, and one seems conscious of an occasional languor and tardiness in the lines. Pope has no such defects. But, unhappily, he is only at his best in speeches, in rhetorical passages. Keats says, obviously with Pope in his mind:

with a puling infant's force,
Men swayed about upon a rocking horse,
And thought it Pegasus.

Mr. William Morris, I read, in a recent essay called Pope 'a dullard.' My own sentiments are all with romance against 'classicism,' but there is no service in such criticisms. For Mr. Morris to call Pope a 'dullard' is as quaint as for Wordsworth to speak of Voltaire as 'dull'! The rhythm of the lines just cited from Pope has nothing of the movement of the rocking horse. If ever the unlooked-for translator of Homer does come, it will not be very surprising to find him using Pope's measure. Mr. Mackail has lately tried that of Fitzgerald's *Omar Khayyam*, in a version of the idyllic sixth book of the *Odyssey*.² It is a pleasing and interesting experiment; successful in some passages, in others not so fortunate. Something bred out of Chaucer's rhymed decasyllabic verse, or Chapman's in his version of the *Odyssey*, may be most appropriate. As a novel in hexameters, the *Odyssey* is rather less inadequately to be represented in prose than the *Iliad*, I think. The great difficulty is that a great poet can seldom spare time for translations. Men with brilliant metrical gifts, not being great poets, are so rare as to be almost non-existent; and, if one arose, he would probably and blamelessly conceive that he was a great poet. Thus translation falls into the hands of well-meaning amateurs, and, when a poet like

¹ Nutt. ² *Ibid*

Mr. William Morris does make the essay, he is less successful than we might have hoped.

* . *

Indeed, translation appears to be one of the lost arts. The cause may be our modern fastidiousness about accuracy. We must squeeze the full sense out of every Greek particle, every Latin idiom. In this endeavour, English style suffers: the reader can seldom forget that he has a translation before him. Moreover, our current modern English really cannot represent archaic Greek, and when we try to be archaic the Revised Version of the Bible shows how poorly we succeed. Even in the eighteenth century a translator wrote the English of his own period, at all events, and, so far, he had the great advantage of being natural. We can scarcely be natural in 'Wardour Street English.' One man may write it better, or less ill, than another, but it is always Wardour Street, more or less. Again, we cannot, dare not, give it the added, free, reckless picturesqueness which makes North's *Plutarch* so pleasant. We must cleave to accuracy, and we move in fetters.

* . *

One of the best translations in English is that of St. Augustine's *Confessions*, published in 1620-1635. I suppose it is by Sir Toby Matthew, but the bibliography is puzzling. There is a pocket edition, like those of the Elzevirs; my copy is in black morocco, with skulls and sacred emblems in blind tooling. The old editor says that the translator 'seemeth to have lighted his torch at St. Augustine's fire, and to be full of his spirit, and to speake in the best and most significant English what and how he would have done, had he understood our language.' Here is an example. St. Augustine speaks of his grief, as a young man, for the death of a friend:

* . *

'I remember that I wondered how other men could live, now that he was dead, whome I had not loved in the quality of a man that was to dye; and I more wondered at myselfe (who was nothing but another *He*) for my being able to live after him. He spake well of his friend, who sayd, he was *the one halfe of his soule*; for I had found my soule and his to be but one and the same in different bodyes. Therefore was my life a horreur to me, because I would not live by halves; and, therefore, perhaps I

feared to dye, least thereby he might chance to have wholly dyed whom I extremely loved.'

* * *

Here some old Catholic owner of the book has written on the margin, '*Pray for your pour servant, J. M.*' He seems to address, not the Saint, but the soul of a dead friend. '*Pray for your pour friend,*' he writes on a fly-leaf, which settles the question. The translation is not only exquisite, but literal; methinks we have lost that art.

* * *

Another lost art is the art of fans! They can be, and are, painted, of course, but they are no longer so commonly used as to be brief chronicles of the times. Lately I saw a fan, engraved, it is thought, by Strange, and coloured by hand. In the centre was Prince Charles, in a wig and full armour, taslets, greaves, and all. Mars and Minerva stood beside him; at his feet was a white rose-tree, much more like a tobacco plant. On an altar were flaming hearts. Spirits drove the Hanoverians to Hades. George II., in Greek costume, was dropping his crown. Great Jove smiled from the clouds. Venus and Cupid looked on with approbation. A dove brought an olive wreath to Britannia; there was plenty of other symbolism. We do not commemorate our modern heroes in any such manner.

* * *

It is not always easy to please all Americans. There is a statement which hardly admits of cavil. When we do not admire their books, naturally they don't like it; and when we do admire, we admire the wrong ones, or in the wrong way. Readers may have met Mr. Crane's *Red Badge of Courage* (Heinemann). Like *Trilby*, it took abroad before it was applauded at home. In England it has been much praised—in my opinion, overpraised. It is the story of a recruit's adventures in the American Civil War. A writer in *The Dial* is very angry at the English appreciation of '*The Red Badge of Hysteria*,' as he calls it. He rakes together a few unfriendly quotations from old *Blackwoods* and *Saturday Reviews* on the tactics and strategy of the war. He finds (rightly or wrongly) that *The Red Badge* justifies these censures. I cannot understand his position. A two days' battle is described as a raw recruit is supposed to see it. He knows nothing of strategy—how should he? In woods and wildernesses he finds shooting and

charging, which is all a mystery to him, as far as the general disposition and movements of forces are concerned. It does not follow that the generals were all in a muddle. How should a raw recruit divine the plan and system? Moreover, the ablest generals are often puzzled; things occur unexpectedly. Frederick the Great and David Leslie both carried the news of their own defeat, when both had really been victorious. Nobody denies courage and skill to old David and young Fritz. Mr. Crane's raw recruit runs away in a panic. Does the *Dial* critic deny that panics occurred in the Civil War, as in all wars? The recruit lives to fight another day, and fights like a Paladin, like the Fore and Aft when Mr. Kipling's drummers beat the recall. There must be brave men and cowards and dubious people in all armies. 'Fears of the brave' are proverbial. Wherefore English admiration of a spirited picture of battle, as seen by a recruit, should be censured as English spite, nobody can imagine on this side of the water. We might as well be said to have similar bad reasons for praising M. Zola's *La Débâcle*, or Count Tolstoi's *La Guerre et la Paix*. It is impossible to please people who are so suspicious and irritable as the critic of *The Dial*. Had the American war displayed nothing less than 'the finished conduct of large bodies of men in presence of the enemy,' it would have been a miracle. Large forces of citizen soldiers, under generals who have never commanded great masses of men in war, could not possibly fight as tidily as Napoleon's or Frederick's veterans. No sane historian of the war will pretend that they did. Soldiering has to be learned by experience like other arts; and a raw recruit like Mr. Crane's hero cannot have experience.

* *

To myself the book seems too long and greatly in need of maps. The reader should know, though the recruit does not, what is going on, where, and why. The style is flaring, flamboyant, and vigorously affected. But Mr. Crane is a very young man; only twenty-four, it is said. Mr. Dudley Warner makes a very fair criticism of the style. 'The red sickness of battle' is mere fustian; words denoting colour are peppered over the pages. There is strain, and there is shriek, and these do not strengthen but weaken the effect. Mr. Crane, in fact, is very young. But Mr. Warner says: 'I was carried along by its intensity, and felt at the end as if I had experienced a most exciting and melodramatic dream, which I could not shake off

when waking.' My own experience was exactly the same. I wish for Mr. Crane *un peu plus de goût*, and not quite so many adjectives. He certainly has an appearance of genius. He reminds one oddly enough of Mr. Francis Thompson, who is also in his poems too conscientiously on the stretch. Mr. Warner's opinion seems uninfluenced by international jealousies. Where will they not appear if they push into the question of the qualities of a romance?

* * *

In Mr. Haggard's 'Heart of the World' the dwindling decadent people of the lost old city do not care for history and for the past. Are we the less decadent the more we have an affection for buried time? Probably really failing folk cannot be interested in anything. Those who still care for times long enough ago will be fond of Mr. Locker Lampson's waifs and strays of memories in 'My Confidences.' I have always heard that the ballad

They cut his throat from ear to ear,
His brains they battered in,
His name was Mr. William Weare,
He lived in Lyon's Inn

was by Theodore Hook. Mr. Locker heard it attributed to Croker, who was also discredited with the *Quarterly* review of Keats's *Endymion*. You may usually know Croker's fist by a profusion of italics and capitals, and by his habit of defending the Christian religion when nobody was attacking it. The review of *Endymion*, as far as I remember, has not these marks of Croker. Of Croker Mr. Locker has really no reminiscences: he does not help us to understand either the influence or the unpopularity of that enigmatic being. A story or two, at second hand, he gives of Campbell's habits. Conceive the poet, drunk, clinging to a pillar, while his companions flick walnuts at him! Landor's 'diabolical laugh' is very unlike Dickens's description of it in *Boythorne*. Landor put Southey on a level with Wordsworth; Southey put Southey higher than that, and Landor and Southey 'ladled butter from their mutual tubs' at each other. 'To converse with the admirable Spedding, in consequence of his deliberate utterance, required an ampler leisure than even I, who am neither good nor great, found always practicable,' says Mr. Locker. Too often, like other modern writers of reminiscences, Mr. Locker gives mere lists of names of people he knew, remembering,

apparently, little or nothing about their owners. Could not all this business of *nomini's umbra* be shelved in an appendix or directory? Dr. Lushington had seen a man whose father was present at the martyrdom of Charles I. That is all about Dr. Lushington. This is quaint about Rossetti: 'I like his poems least, but then I seldom see his pictures.' Mr. Locker writes as if, on a large scale, he had been a *taster* of men. He inspected them carefully, and saw no more of them if he did not like them. He tasted Mr. Severn, Keats's friend, and found him 'a jaunty, fresh-natured, irresponsible sort of elderly being, leading a facile, slipshod, dressing-gowny, artistic existence in Pimlico. Like his friend Hunt he was not rich, but he never seemed to be in want of anything, unless perhaps it might be a brush and comb.' One is reminded of Harold Skimpole. Mr. Locker does not seem to have been very much more pleased by Leigh Hunt. In *him* there was a great deal of Hyde to a large quantity of Jekyll, but Jekyll prevailed. Hunt had the most irritating jauntiness ever known; people who did not know him hated him frankly, said so brutally, and, if we only read Hunt's letters and essays, we wonder why. Few read his 'Tale of Rimini' (the first edition is very cheap), but, when they have read it, they cease to wonder. A desire to beat the poet on the nose, to hurl things at him, besets the natural man. Do you remember his description of Francesca's husband?

Nor, to say truly, was he slow, in common,
To accept the attentions of this lovely woman!

It sounds as if it could not really be in print. Mr. Locker knew Keats's sister Fanny. 'She was fat, blonde, lymphatic . . . my sprightliness made her yawn.' She could not have remembered much of Keats, who died so long ago, and who had seen so little of his sister after his childhood.

* * *

How do people remember anything? How do they *reminisce*? Mr. Locker, struck by the scantiness of his own recollections, says 'Wonderful fellow, James Boswell!' As a rule, if you ask anybody about some great person whom they knew well, they remember next to nothing. It is said that Dean Milman, who was much attached to Macaulay, had very little of moment to tell about him. Yet Dean Milman was no stupid man, though the amiable critic who attacks Mr. Saintsbury so often, in the *Saturday Review*, seems to hold that Milman had a bad style—because

Macaulay said so ! This is a digression. To remember about people is a special gift. They amused, they delighted us, and we cannot say why. About the little I saw of Lord Tennyson I remember next to nothing—I was in too great a fright. Boswell took notes immediately after his talks with Johnson. Lockhart thought this wrong, not honourable ; one is glad Bozzy was of a different opinion. We have all reason to be grateful to James.

* * *

Reminiscences are not possible to me, yet I would fain say, without going into details, how pleasant a memory one keeps of a man in high social place, lately dead. Lord Bath was not prominent in politics ; he wrote but little and rarely. What one recalls now is his unaffected goodness, his charm, his kindness, his great knowledge of letters, the humour of his conversation, the pleasantness and courtesy of his manner. It may be guessed that he was shy, and shy people who are also modest are apt to be misjudged. They who knew him (even as slightly as I myself did) valued him, and deeply regret his loss.

A. LANG.

